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May 1983

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HEAVY METAL
MAY 1983
VOL. VII NO. 2

CONTENTS

Dossier, edited by **Lou Stathis**, 4

The City that Didn't Exist, by **Christin**. Illustrated by **Enki Bilal**, 13

The Odyssey, by **Francisco Navarro**. Illustrated by **José Martin Sauri**, 21

The Man from Harlem, by **Crepax**, 30

Zora, by **Fernando Fernandez**, 40

June 2050, by **John Workman**. Illustrated by **George Pratt**, 44

Gallery: Stagestruck Starstruck, by **Steven Maloff**, 45

Starstruck, by **Elaine Lee**. Illustrated by **Michael Wm. Kaluta**, 50

Chain Mail, 58

Space Crusader, by **Pepe Moreno**, 59

Marlowskitz, by **Buroni**. Illustrated by **Bertotti**, 64

The Ape, by **S. Pisu**. Illustrated by **Milo Manara**, 69

St. James Infirmary, by **Dick Matena**, 79

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 89

Cinderella, by **Anne Kobayashi**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Coming, 96

Front cover, by **Frank Riley**

Back cover, by **Rick Meyerowitz**

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DOSSIER

David Cronenberg works on his Marcel Marceau impression.

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"I think there's a breed of video-psychotic in the making . . ."

CRONENBERG: THE MEDIUM AND THE MESSENGER

It should've come as no surprise when a local CBS-TV "culture" reviewer snarlingly labeled David Cronenberg's latest film *Videodrome*, "the fackest movie of the year." *Videodrome*, which rips away any comfortable distance those who manufacture TV programming might like to have from their viewers, is a direct challenge to such arbiters of the tube.

And challenge, particularly really scary threats encompassing mind controls and corporeal takeovers, are central to Cronenberg's repertoire. Just beginning to emerge aboveground with his morally unresolved, surrealistic and highly intelligent cinema, Cronenberg sets himself apart from the bulk of North American scare directors. While most typical horror films are merely cleverly strung together sequences of action-reaction, Cronenberg's play to a different pace. With slow, inexorable beauty, they wrap sensuality and slime into a pulsating fusion of possible tomorrows. Men and women fuse with alien creatures, other minds or machines—to truly become, as in *Videodrome*, "the new flesh."

The purveyor of such disturbing transformations is a 39-year-old native-born Torontonian who speaks in well-modulated grammatical English and resembles a better-looking Clark Kent. Of his upbringing, David Cronenberg chuckles in a refined manner, saying, "I don't think you'll find the seeds of my madness there. Freud would be bored." He grew up in a warm, comfortable, middle-class environment, raised by a writer father and pianist mother (who still plays for Nureyev's exercise classes, whenever the artist is in town.)

Educated at the University of Toronto (best known for the distinct spiritual presence of Marshall McLuhan—who, in the guise of Professor Brian O'Blivion, is at the core of *Videodrome*), Cronenberg studied biochemistry and English. Unexpectedly, his formal education evolved into Cronenberg's directing 16mm shorts starting in 1966. Among his acknowledged influences are fellow Canadian Michael Snow and Americans Kenneth Anger and William Burroughs.

Cronenberg released his first feature film, *They Came From Within*, (originally called *Shivers*) in 1975. The movie, which portrayed the takeover of apartment-complex inhabitants by sexual parasites—leading to all manner of frenzy—bears an extraordinary resemblance to J.G. Ballard's *High Rise*, published that same year.

They Came From Within was followed by *Rabid* (1977), in which a motorcycle accident victim (played by porn queen Marilyn Chambers) wakes up from surgery to become a rapist-vampire. In 1979's *The Brood*, Samantha Eggar transmutes her anger onto a cadre of fetuses that exact revenge on the targets of her wrath. *Scanners* (1980), widened Cronenberg's audiences as neighborhood movie houses (and ultimately, Home Box Office) offered his battle between those who can destroy through mind control and their opponents.

Cronenberg continues to move towards what will hopefully be his ultimate place in society—potentially a Spielberg for those who'd rather think about a telephone's real meaning than "phone home" on it—by making his next project Stephen King's *The Dead Zone*. I spoke with David late on a Sunday night when he'd just returned from the small Ontario town that is the *Dead Zone* set.

—Toby Goldstein

RM: Tell the truth—how much of a McLuhanite are you?

DC: Well, I'm not a card-carrying McLuhanite, but I am a bit of one. After all, I'm from Toronto, which is where McLuhan was from; I was educated at the University of Toronto, and his influence was

NIGHT OF THE LIVING MOVIE

First things first: **Midnight Movies** by **J. Hoberman** and **Jonathan Rosenbaum** (Harper & Row) isn't as much fun to read as the movies it covers are to see. As a film professor remarked to me, Hoberman and Rosenbaum are academics without a university. *Midnight Movies* takes cult films seriously—even loony ones like *Rocky Horror* and *Pink Flamingos*—so it isn't the kind of book you'd take along to the beach for some light reading.

That said, Hoberman and Rosenbaum have done an impressive job of covering the bases. First base: the movies themselves, how they were made and cast. Second base: details about the lives and careers of the film-makers. Third base: where the films played in special midnight showings around the USA, and for how long they were in vogue. Home plate for *Midnight Movies* is its

very much felt there. I've read several of his books, and he's always been a very fascinating character for me—even though I never actually met him.

MM: After watching *Videodrome*, I said to myself, the fact that *Understanding Media* is subtitled "The Extensions of Man" cannot be totally coincidental.

DC: Oh no, definitely not. And of course, Brian O'Blivion has a lot in common with Mr. McLuhan. In fact, McLuhan converted to Catholicism and was a very religious man. And for that reason, in part at least, O'Blivion's room is my version of McLuhan's Catholicism. His office with the wooden angels and the religious icons.

MM: Can you accept things like video-game parlors as some real-life manifestations of the Cathode Ray Mission in the film?

DC: I suppose so. There's a television reality which is, for a lot of people, more real than the world of their own particular experience. If you watch TV and the news is depressing and then you read the paper and everything's terrible, you walk outside and you feel awful. It could be a beautiful spring day and the people you meet on the street smile at you and say hello, but you still feel depressed and paranoid. In a case like that, the media reality is much stronger than your own reality.

And yet, it could be totally false. The reports of various things on the news are not necessarily true or accurate. And people react to them as though they were experiences they actually had. And I guess if you extended that into video games, there's a sort of video world you plug into that somehow I think attaches itself very well onto the human nervous system—because it certainly can be addictive. Yeah, I think there's a breed of video-psychotic in the making, who can't tell certain kinds of reality from fantasy.

Max Renn (James Woods) wonders if it's real, or if it's Videodrome.

MM: When I was a communications graduate student, we spent an entire class studying the implications of it being impossible to distinguish a "live" event from something "on tape." Isn't that another aspect of *Videodrome*?

DC: That's absolutely true, because O'Blivion's daughter says that O'Blivion felt life on television was more real than life in the flesh anyway, so he didn't mind dying. And it's true. Johnny Carson could've died three years ago. Who would know? Haven't you ever had an occasion where you'd be watching someone on television and you'd say, "Hey, is he still alive? Didn't he die last year?" and you can't remember whether the person's alive or dead. There's a media version of the guy, who is more real to you than the real guy—and who can go on living in many forms after the real guy is dead. And it doesn't make any difference to you.

I was thinking of the Israeli war in Beirut. That the Israelis seemed to feel that they won the war but they totally lost the media war—the shadow version of it, which is what most of the world reacted to. It turned out to be a huge defeat for them, in the sense of world opinion.

MM: You must think a lot about propaganda.

DC: Of course, in a dictatorship you do have that kind of focus that I think is missing in the Western world. I know there are a lot of conspiracy freaks, especially in the States, but I don't think there's a disciplined, well-organized attempt to use the media for specific purposes in the West. But you could see how it could be done.

But even if it is uncontrolled—I think that's what McLuhan was talking about, when he said that television in particular, but the media in general, have enormous impact on us, even physically. I don't think I'm exaggerating to say television has changed our bodies. We have different bodies from people who've never been exposed to it. And yet, it's totally uncontrolled and not very well understood, but it's altering all kinds of things in our lives. And since people are control freaks anyway, they might as well figure out how to control it, or at least understand what's going on.

MM: To be honest, I'll have to see *Videodrome* more than once. I'm confused as to whether the conclusion and fate of Max Renn was supposed to represent victory or defeat.

DC: Well, I don't think that's a bad reaction, because the duality of it is intentional. Certainly, the character smiles when he says, "Long live the new flesh." As the character Masha says to him, "The Videodrome people have a philosophy, which is something you don't have, Max." And by the end of the film, he has got that philosophy, but it leads him to a kind of suicide. And yet because he's willing and confident it's also positive.

MM: Do you believe in the idea of "death as life?"

DC: Well, I'd like to come to some sort of resolution between life and death that is positive. I can't say in my life that I've reached that. But it's certainly something that I play with a lot in the films that I make, and I've said this before but it's still true—that every time a character in one of my films dies, it's really an

"Every time a character in one of my films dies, it's really an experimental death for me . . ."

---

effect on readers who haven't seen a certain flick: after reading about it, do you want to go out and catch the next showing? For me and David Lynch's *Eraserhead*, the answer is yes; for me and Jodorowsky's *El Topo*, the answer is no.

Cult films covered in *Midnight Movies* include *Night of the Living Dead*, *Glen and Glenda* (more!), *Performance*, *Reefer Madness*, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, *The Harder They Come*, *Mondo Brecklinridge*, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, *King of Hearts*, *Scorpio Rising*, *Chelsea Girls*, and just about anything else that ever kept you out 'til three a.m. staring at the big screen. Best bits: the info about David Lynch's life in the Philly slums and his eating habits, and the mainstream press's hysterical responses to most of the above flicks upon their release ("the most nauseating movie of all time, the filmmaker should be committed . . ." blah, blah, blah).

As Roger Ebert put it so well, the aim of these movies is to "rise below vulgarity." A little less politeness from the authors about their subject might've helped *Midnight Movies* rise in the same direction—but as it is, this is better than a film textbook has any right to be.

—Michael S. Benson

experimental death for me, a kind of rehearsal for my own death.

Nil: Do these "rehearsals" stem from your trying to get a grip on fear?

DC: Absolutely, no question about it. But there are many other things involved. Life is a very mysterious thing, and I don't pretend to have any answers. And if there is emotional confusion in the ending of a film for a viewer, it's only because there is in myself. I think it's very legitimate to express enlightened confusion.

Nil: From fear. It's a natural jump to pain. It seems to me that *Videodrome* conveys a tacit acceptance of pain as a part of sex.

DC: To me, pain is a *potential* component of sex. I happen to think that sex, in nature, has a very violent aspect to it. I don't mean people slapping each other around, and I'm not talking about S&M. Even doing it in the missionary position with someone you love—there's penetration involved, of one body by another body. To me, that kind of intimacy is violent.

Nil: There's also the tie between sex and death.

DC: Sex and death have always been linked, for as long as people have written about it. For the metaphysical poets, "to die" was a euphemism for "to have an orgasm." And also, sex and death are linked because, when you think of it in terms of procreation, our most biological claim to immortality is through children. So there is always a connection between sex and death, and sex and violence, as far as I'm concerned.

But it's very complex and I think you've got to watch out for simplistic sloganeering. I think *Videodrome* deals with some of that in a relatively complex way. Because although the characters Max and Nicki get into some relatively mild S&M, even in the ear-piercing scene, they kiss each other rather tenderly. The music there is rather lush, almost romantic—and that was also intentional.

Nil: *The Dead Zone* will be the first film you haven't written. What made you decide to do it?

DC: Aside from being interested in working with Dino De Laurentiis, Stephen King, and Deborah Hill . . . the book itself has some themes that are similar to some of the stuff I do. For example, the idea that someone begins embedded in his society relatively secure and then something happens to make him a kind of freak, putting him on the outside of society by virtue of his extra sensitivity. Now that's just like Scanners, for instance. Also the idea of the visions that the guy has, and the challenge of reinventing those for the cinema. In Videodrome I dealt with the idea of someone slipping into a very convincing hallucination. And of course, the preoccupation with death.

"I happen to think that sex has a very violent aspect to it."

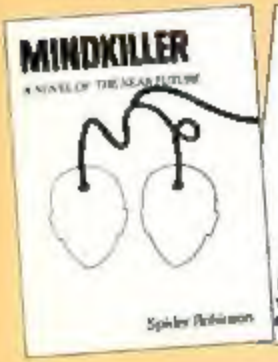
But the things that were different also intrigued me. Because Stephen's characters tend to be very familiar, very nice, simple, and honest, even when they're bad guys. And mine tend to be very arcane and complex. And I was interested in trying to fuse that.

Nil: There's a specific morality to Stephen King's work—the good guys win—which is certainly not as clear cut in your work.

DC: That's true. Although, I must say, the way in which the victory is won in *Dead Zone* is at a great cost to several people. That makes it something I can relate to.

Nil: Is it true that you plan to make a film of Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*?

DC: That is something I've said I've always wanted to do. And I have, in fact, talked to some of his people. But I haven't really had the time to pursue it. It would be awfully



One of the most important areas of research in modern science is the brain. Can the brain understand the brain? Francis Crick, the breaker of the genetic code, said in *Scientific American* (9/79), "There is no scientific study more vital to man than the study of his own brain. Our entire view of the universe depends on it." Spider Robinson comes up with a new twist in the sf sub-genre of inner space and the workings of the brain/mind in *Mindkiller* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). His story could be set in the present but for regular infusions of objects (like cashless cigarettes) and situations which give the book its sense of a subtle time shift into a credible near

future. Robinson builds on a Larry Niven idea called "wireheading," a nineties pleasure-seeking activity involving direct electrical stimulation to the brain, to tell a realistic tale of mind control and brain reward.

The book is structured finely, and eventually—cross-cutting between centrals in rural/urban, mind/brain, pleasure/pain, and apparently unrelated time frames—integrates into a pattern which rewards the reader for staying with the until-the-last-minute unresolved plot.

Review/Illustrations by Brian Evans

hard, and I'd really have to reinvent it for the screen. There is a certain amount of Burroughs imagery that runs through my films, and he was certainly a big influence on me as a kid.

RM: So what do you like to record on your own videotape machine?

CO: I'm pretty middle-class. I like car racing, boxing. I normally record things I want to see later, just like most people. I rent tapes to watch movies. I'm just a normal, everyday kind of person. Go to the home of a comedian. That's where you'll find true sadism.

FUTURE TENSE

Science fiction writers seem to be a grim lot. What's eating them, anyway? After all, it high Reagan administration officials are so sure that our blooming economy will snap back four or five years after a nuclear holocaust, isn't it time we got happy? Aren't sf novels unnecessarily depressing? Judging from the most recent efforts of Anderson, Kaye & Godwin, Thurston, and Varley, the future isn't all it used to be cracked up to be.

Poul Anderson's most recent sf novel, **Orion Shall Rise** (Timescape/Simon & Schuster), would hardly turn our president's hair gray, but it does report on the aftermath of a narrowing nuclear war that four or five centuries hence has changed the face of the Earth (and makes no provision for a post-nuclear GNP). Anderson has turned his considerable powers once again to the writing of a leisurely and richly detailed novel that borrows from the antique literature of the Danes to cast the future in a suffusing, enobling light. His odd mixture of pastoral and heroic sagas is unique in science fiction, and *Orion Shall Rise* is particularly fine—even sagacious—and it may be (as his publishers maintain) his Big One.

Disaster aloft is the theme of **John Varley's** engrossing sf thriller, **Millennium** (Berkley). If it weren't for the last four pages, which uncomfortably summon to mind the *deus ex machina* ending of *2001*, this might be the best time travel novel since Wells let his Sleeper wake. It's also one of the most successfully-worked alternating chapter compositions I've encountered in years. Bill Smith, who accounts for roughly half the chapters, is an air crash investigator working for the Federal Aviation Board. Louisa Baltimore, a denizen of future Earth, already long-lived and a survivor in her twenties, is a kidnapper. She replaces passengers on doomed aircraft with pre-mainmed bodies, catapulting healthy twentieth century types into the bleak, poisoned future. Varley's mixture of Smith's present and Baltimore's graphic, final days warning to anti-conservationists is just short of masterful.

In still another far, far post-holocaust future, four thousand years from now, humanity is divided into two camps: those living in the City, and a simple pastoral nation of Coveners. Sound familiar? **Marvin Kay** and **Parke Godwin** have taken the situation of Clarke's *The City and the Stars* and brought to it their own wit and sensibility, turning an adventure premise into a crafty exploration of culture clash. The second of their novels set in this future world, **Wintermind** (Doubleday), is an effective sequel to the authors' 1978 *The Masters of Solitude*, a novel that quickly achieved cult status among readers undeterred by Kaye and Godwin's uncompromisingly dense prose and complicated narrative. *Wintermind* follows through without hesitation—in fact it might be better looked upon as the second half of a long epic tale, rather than as a separate book (though even first time readers should find the novel's texture and breadth ultimately rewarding).

After traveling so many years into the future, **Robert Thurston's** ***A Set of Wheels*** (Berkley) seems just around the corner in time. While the others predict quick disaster falling from the sky, Thurston

***"A Set of Wheels* may be the best book published this year . . ."**

describes a gradual and all-too-convincing deterioration in our quality of life. If 1984 reflected the depressed/oppressed spirit of an age looking into a bleak future, Thurston's novel may well be the 1984 of the eighties. It may also be the best book published this year, in or out of genre, the picaresque journey of Lee Kestner, compounded of boredom, sensitivity, and a great urge to drive on out of here, might be the central message for our time.

A pleasure to read about a thinking man like ourselves, and like ourselves, born to run. But if there's any lesson in these books, it's this: the future won't wait until we get there.

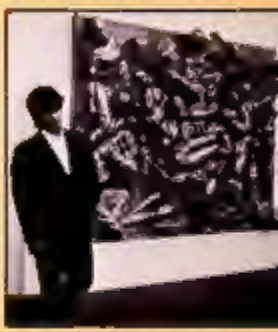
—John W. Sibensack

LONGO SHOT

Is *now everybody?* It's a valid question, coming at the end of Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, but Pynchon probably never expected **Robert Longo's** reply. Longo, a so-called "SoHo artist," "new wave artist," and "punk gone professional," had a double one-man show in February at New York's Castelli and Metro Pictures galleries called "NOWEVERYBODY," in which he answers Pynchon more than affirmatively.

Longo himself is practically everybody. The leading exponent of the latest art movement termed "image scavenging," he makes sculpture, drawings, reliefs, music, performances, and film. The art is more the attitude than the form. The "new wave" moniker refers to the influence of music of that ilk on his work, but more to his deliberate depictions of a sort of malevolent ambiguity. The image scavengers are a school of post-graduates of post-modernism who are so burdened with media images

Robert Longo and his "Corporate Wars"
photo by Robert Maitland



that they choose to comment on the impossibility of originality, often by manipulating images from other work. Longo does this with more originality than most.

His series of enormous drawings (eight or nine feet high) called "Men in the Cities" is made up of individual male and female figures in black and white, against white backgrounds, who look like hip young nightclubbing urbanites—from the eighties, or the fifties. But they are all writhing and twisted, seemingly caught in the middle of a dance of death. In New Order—or, maybe they've just been shot in the back. There's total abandonment in both, an escape from the over-stimulation of city life into the only available oblivion.

Longo often shows the drawings in a series, broken up by a monument or giant relief—these, in the Castelli show, look like authoritative buildings tipping, about to fall on and smother you. According to the artist, huge buildings are always smothering you. Other reliefs depict bronzed men at war—who, on closer examination, are corporate executives. All of it touches on the smallness and confusion of the individual, given the largest of everything else. What is Longo's stance in all of this? Accordingly, he leaves it ambiguously up to the viewer. His chilling figures and reliefs are hopefully so distancing they frighten the talent into something other than the usual media submission.

Longo, 30, grew up in New

Grandmaster Flash: The Bronx's Mr. Clean.
photo by Jim Sherman

York, and is now beginning to receive mass recognition. "I've got a live-wire to culture," he explains, without presumption, "and I know exactly what's going to happen. I think if you're going to make art, you have to see into the future. That's what I see my real job as—warning people."

—Merle Ginsberg

RAP-UP

Rap is the sound of the streets. It began there on the sidewalks and schoolyards of the Bronx, kids bragging in rhythm and rhyme, like Muhammad Ali before a fight. Moving indoors to parties and clubs, rappers worked with DJs who created new music out of melodic and rhythmic fragments of existing records. DJs then developed new techniques called cutting and scratching—extending a song's percussion break by relaying the beat from turntable to turntable. By elongating the music, cutting gives the rapper—or MC—a steady rhythm to stretch out on and tell a story.

The stories of rap move from street (dealing with day-to-day reality) to slick (formulaic self-promotion) and back again. Good examples of the street/slick split are '79-80 rap hits like **The Sugarhill Gang**'s "Rapper's Delight" (Sugarhill), based on Chic's "Good Times," and preoccupied with the rapper's skill as a lover ("Hotel/Motel/Holiday Inn/If your girl starts messin' up/You take off with her friend"), **Brother D. and Collective Effort**'s "How You Gonna Make the Black Nation Rise" (Clapper) is the politicized response to the vacuity of "Rapper's Delight."

By 1982 rap had entered a new, mature phase. Spurred by the high-culture notoriety of its attendant art forms—break dancing and graffiti—rap spawned what will probably be its most influential records. "Planet Rock" by **Afrika Bambaataa and the Soul Sonic Force** (Tommy Boy) contains an upbeat interplanetary philosophy, a new chanting/singing rap style, and—most importantly—rap's first all-synthesizer backing track (lifted from Kraftwerk), merging rap with electro-disco. Since "Planet Rock," there has yet to be an important rap record without electronics.

The synthesizer also provides the musical hook for the biggest rap hit of all, "The Message," by **Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five** (Sugarhill). But it's the verbal hook, "Don't push me/Cause I'm close to the edge," that brings "The Message" back to the street. It catalogues the extremes of urban life—from birth in poverty to death in a jail cell—with a gritty reality rarely found in other mediums.

Since these songs hit, rappers have toured the USA and Europe, and their records have become the music of choice at chic New York art openings and at the Roxy, the trendiest NYC disco since Studio 54. Newer records merge the street and slick even further—Bambaataa's "Looking For the Perfect Beat" (Tommy Boy), **The Fearless Four**'s "Rockin' It" (Enjoy), and **The Treacherous Three**'s "Yes We Can Can" (Sugarhill).

Rap has even found its way to the pro basketball court. As New Jersey Nets' center Darryl Dawkins informed a *New York Post* sportswriter: "When I'm dead/They can bury me deep/Put both turntables at my feet/Put my mixers right by my head/So when I'm gone I can rock the dead."

Now that's what I call getting over!

—Stuart Cohn

Disco-rap-by

"Rapper's Delight" can be found on *The Greatest Rap Hits* (Sugarhill) which, with its companion volume, *Greatest Rap Hits, Vol. 2*, are essential to any record collection. They include raps by the Furious Five, Spoonie Gee, the Funky Four Plus One, and "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel"—still the greatest DJ cutting record ever.

THE NUVINYL CHOPPING BLOCK

The Birthday Party, Junkyard (UK 4 AD): Like a vinyl nightmare co-directed by Davids Lynch and Cronenberg, featuring iggy gobbling Jim Morrison's entrails to a soundtrack of Romero doom-zombies playing the Black Sabbath songbook. In other words, the *nastiest, ugliest, sleaziest, trashiest, simiest,* and most enjoyable record I've heard since *Raw Power*. With a superb, hell-on-wheels cover by Big Daddy Roth.

Black Sabbath, *Live Evil* (Warner Bros.): Speak of the devil (heh, heh). The one Sabbat record everyone needs to own. Though my eighteen-year-old nephew from New Jersey claims these impwrists go flaccid in the presence of Judas Priest, I find B.S.'s wailing thunder-drone and Jack Kirby-style satanism kinda cute. Best when they stick to the short, simple, stentorian, story-song made. Come to think of it, along with Motorhead's *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*, this is the only heavy metal record you need to own.

Heaven, *Heaven Bent* (Columbia): Unlike this Aussie band's American debut, Heavy metal is like sex—only a few variations on one basic idea, but somehow lots of people still have an insatiable appetite for it. Musically this one's a cross between the Saks and Bad Co., and sartorially an outtake from *The Road Warrior* (same leather-loving designer), but skins don't make the band. Their "In the Beginning," on him mbute/greatest hits rift-medley, only shows how little we've progressed in ten years.

Eric Ocasek, *Beatitude* (Geffen): A disappointment, if you expected Ocasek's solo debut to move beyond facile pop automotives (as I did), but okay if you like the Cars (which I do on the second Tuesday of each month). While undeniably stylish, skilful, and intermittently occluded by a penumbral sense of alienation, this one's just too unadventurous for the stringy guy who brought Suicide to *The Midnight Special*.

Essential 12" Singles
Spoonie Gee, "Spoonie Is Back" (Sugarhill)
The Jonzun Crew, "Space Is the Place" (Tommy Boy)
Fab 5 Freddy, "Une Salle Histoire" (Celluloid)
Grand Mixer DST and Infinity, "Grand Mixer (Cuts It Up)" (Celluloid)
Hurt 'Em Bad, "Monday Night Football" (Profile)—to keep you Howard Cosell freaks warm until next September.

(If you live in South Africa, or some other place without easy access to a good black music record store, try the following helpful mail-order outfits: Vinyl Mania: 30 Carmine St., NYC 10014, (212) 929-1658. Downstairs Records: 20 W. 43rd St., NYC 10036, (212) 354-4684. Down Town Records: 119 Worth St., NYC 10013, (212) 227-3816 and 799 6th Ave., NYC 10011, (212) 924-5791. Mail-O-Disc: 855e Conklin St., Farmingdale, NY 11735, (516) 694-0088.)

Yellowman in black & white.
photo by Dave Nice

YELLOW JOURNALISM

The biggest reggae sensation since Bob Marley is not a fearsome rasta, hardly a fire-breathing dread. He doesn't even sing about smoking pot. In fact, he's not really a singer at all. The man known as **Yellowman** is a mellow-rappin' MC, a DJ who drives Kingston dance-hall crowds wild with patois patter, corny crooning, and nonsense singsong rhyme-alongs. Armed only with a microphone, he's become a local legend over the last year or so.

Why Yellowman? Musically-attuned announcers have provided low-rent live entertainment in Jamaica since the mid-sixties. Backed by mobile sound systems with turntable jockeys mixing the hits, the DJs "toast" or rap to the music—prefiguring Grandmaster Flash and the NYC rap scene by a few years, at least. The DJ style has come to the forefront in JA in the last two years, and in a scene populated with characters like Lone Ranger, Papa Michigan and General Smiley, Sister Nancy and Nicodemus — Yellowman stands out from the crowd.

And not only because of that relaxed, mellifluous rap.

"With pink, perpetually sunburned skin and starchy, corn-yellow braids, you'd best believe Yellowman cuts a distinctive figure in the ghetto."

He got the nickname from his albino complexion; he literally is a yellow man. With pink, perpetually sunburned skin and starchy, corn-yellow braids, you'd best believe he cuts a pretty distinct figure in the ghetto. But Yellowman's talents have helped him turn what some would call a disadvantage into a distinguishing characteristic.

They say that Yellowman can't walk down the street these days without causing a ruckus. When he chants, "All the young girls them a-mad over me," the horny toaster's traditional boast is tinged with a shade or two of irony.

So far, Yellowman's biggest hit has been a languid, loopy reworking of that old crooker "I'm Getting Married in the Morning." Grafting slices of "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" and "Bring It on Home to Me" onto a hairy pre-nuptial narrative, the song captures Yellowman's improv-a-story ease over a haunting rhythm track. He sounds happy, but understandably uncertain about the pending event. As the JA music scene still revolves around small-label singles, Yellowman's prolific output remained unobtainable here until the recent U.S. release *Mr. Yellowman* (Greensleeves). It features "Yellowman Getting Married," and further, crucial statements on guns, tourism, and grocery shopping, pushed by the clean session skank of the crack Roots Radics band.

Unlike the rock-influenced

Landscape, *Manhattan Boogie-Woogie* (RCA): A synth-based band has got to be pretty damn miserable to bore old Moog-maven Lou—and these limeys manage handily. A couple of diverting moments—"It's Not My Real Name" and the wry title cut (sequel to their '81 hit "Einstein A Go-Go"?)—can't spruce up an overwhelmingly soulless, gutless, and brainless LP.

Mnemonic Devices, *Playing on the Dark Keys* (Bernstein Records, 200 Termino Ave., Long Beach CA 90803): Discovery of the month. From a tiny Eloy Indie previously devoted to teenage garage grumblings comes this four-song EP of smart, passionate, freshly appealing post-modern pop-love songs. Life songs, actually. Great lines like "Love is just another sick venereal disease," and chanteuse Ann DeJarnett's gutsy rock'n'roll violin push a multitude of Lou's big buttons. Watch 'em.

Berlin, *Pleasure Victim* (Geffen): Ignore 'em. Though not as lame as Landscape, this augmented trio of synthetic Californians generates fast-food electronic dance music with some taste but little flavor. Terri Nunn sings like Pat Benatar with a microMoraderchip stuffed up her coy little ass. Undoubtedly an imminent massive success.

Andy Summers/Robert Fripp, *I Advance Masked* (A&M): Everyone's been dumping on this one, so naturally I won't. Perhaps Fripp's trademark licks are courting cliché canonization, but by tossing himself into continually changing contexts—this time one-on-one with Police-man Summers—he keeps life interesting for himself and, more often than not, for us, too. Not a biggie, but a perfectly adequate side dish.

Craig Leon, *Visiting* (Enigma Records, P.O. Box 2896, Torrance CA 90509): Producer and synthesist Leon's follow-up to his *Nomimos*, winner of the 1981 Claude Rains Award for best invisible record of the year (now relegated to bargain-bin ignominy). Hypnotic, transcendent, wispily minimal, and more melodic than its predecessor. His middle name must be Klaus.

Simple Minds, *New Gold Dream 81-82-83-84* (Virgin/A&M): My favorite record of 1982 finally released on these Stone Age shores. Buy two.

—Lou Stathis

reggae of the seventies. Yellowman and his fellow DJs have yet to go international. However, reports from last fall's First Jamaican World Music Festival claim that it was Yellowman who stole the show from the Clash, Rick James, and the Grateful Dead. While many reggae fans righteously pine for the next Marley, Jamaica has produced a very different kind of superstar. A religious visionary he's not, but Yellowman's guiding lights—a sense of humor, a supple voice, and a pulsating bass line—are illuminating and fun too.

Mark Coleman

BURNT FUSION

Jazz and rock share common origins, but jazz has been around roughly three times longer, and has encompassed many more styles and stylistic leaders. When rock started to mature in the late sixties it was fashionable in jazz circles to decry it as "trash music." In terms once used to put down jazz—but when Miles Davis appeared at the Fillmore East a truce was declared.

For the most part attempts to crossbreed the two have resulted in sterile offspring—specifically the so-called "fusion" music of the mid-seventies, inspired by the younger members of Miles's later bands and the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

A good example is **Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie** which has produced **Observations 8** (Elektra/Musician). Cobham, the original Mahavishnu drummer, has distilled all the technical tricks of fusion without once coming to grips with the emotional intensity that fueled Mahavishnu at its best. What is presented here, on the latest of a long line of Cobham LPs, is technique and music-by-rote, soulless and derivative, forgotten as soon as it is heard.

David Sanchous has fusion credentials as good as anyone's (keyboardist in the original Bruce Springsteen band), but his newest album **The Bridge** (Elektra/Musician) is considerably better than Cobham's—not the least because he has some feeling for what rock, in its prettier moments, can be like. Much of the record is solo piano (Sanchous has a lovely touch and the sensitivity to go with his formidable technique), but several tracks use string synthesizer and other electronic keyboard overdubs, evoking rich sonic tapestries.

Ornette Coleman, the man who liberated jazz from Charlie Parker's domination and gave us "free jazz," has come to rock from the opposite direction. His "Prime Time Band" plays modern funk-rock over which he wails with his timeless saxophone. Coleman rarely makes concessions, and his **Of Human Feelings** (Antilles) is no exception. The rhythms are accessible, the music is intense, but you'll never hear this kind of jazz on a jukebox.

Some jazz musicians have largely ignored rock—along with most of what's happened in the last twenty years. In the case of **Clifford Brown and Max Roach's Pure Genius** (Elektra/Musician), this is hardly surprising; the album comes from a private tape made in 1956, not long before trumpeter Brown's untimely death. As a historical document then, this album ("Volume One," which means there'll be more) is uniquely important. As music,

"Coleman rarely makes concessions, and his *Of Human Feelings* is no exception."

Ornette Coleman: timeless saxophony

"*An American Classic* is without a hint of Dexter Gordon's pioneering work as a bopper."

It's typical mid-fifties "hard bop" — but it's not very enjoyable to listen to, despite attempts to "restore" the sound.

Stroll Lagrene, a young European gypsy who was only mirleen (!) when he recorded ***Routes to Django*** (Antilles), has followed the lead of Django Reinhardt (himself a European gypsy and the first major non-native-American jazz musician) with timeless music uncannily reminiscent of the records Reinhardt was making forty years ago.

On the other hand, both **Dexter Gordon** and **Phil Woods**, long-time saxophone veterans, have turned out albums which pale into insignificance when compared to what they were doing twenty and thirty years ago.

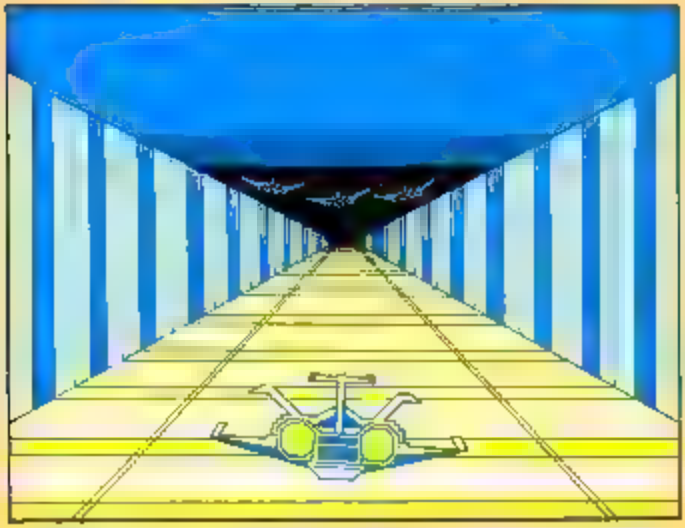
Gordon's ***An American Classic*** (Elektra/Musician) would have been labeled "mood jazz" twenty-five years ago. It's a set of unchallenging cocktail-lounge renditions of ballads, totally anonymous and without a hint of Gordon's pioneering work as a bopper. Wood's playing, on his ***Birds of a Feather*** (Antilles), is far less laid back than Gordon's, but after digging up and reissuing to his *Rights of Swing* (released a little over twenty years ago on Condid), the fact that he's coasting on *Birds of a Feather* was underscored: the material offers little challenge.

(I must add that Antilles has brought the manufacture of album jackets to a new low in quality — the glue failed to hold past the first time I removed the records, leaving the jackets flapping uselessly.)

Ted White

BUCK ROGERS
PLANET OF ZOOM

©1983 BY JOHN HOLMSTROM



BUCK ROGERS HIMSELF NEVER APPEARS IN BUCK ROGERS IN FACT NO HUMAN BEINGS ARE EVER SEEN IN THIS SPACE SHOOT 'EM UP DON'T ASK ME WHAT THE PLANET OF ZOOM IS EITHER BUT IT DESCRIBES THE GAME PRETTY WELL

YOUR SPACESHIP CRUISES AROUND A WEIRD LOOKING GALAXY THROUGH ASTEROID BELTS, OVER PLANETS, AROUND LARGE CITIES, AND DOWN GIGANTIC TUNNEL SHOOTING UP EVERYTHING I CAN AND AVOIDING ANYTHING I CAN'T THEN YOU REACH THE SOURCE SHIP THE BIG MOTHER WHICH HAS BEEN SENDING OUT ALL THOSE ENEMY SPACESHIPS ONCE YOU BLOW AWAY THE BIG ONE YOU START UP ALL OVER AGAIN

STILL THE QUESTION PERSISTS IS IT A SHOOTING GAME OR IS IT A DRIVING GAME? BUCK ROGERS IS THE SHOOTING GAME THAT PLAYS LIKE A DRIVING GAME IT'S THE SPACE TURBO OK IN TURBO YOU COULDN'T BLOW UP THE OTHER ARS.

PLAYING BUCK ROGERS MAKES ME WISH THAT COULD BRING BACK DEATH RACE 2000 TURBO STYLE WAGON BEING ABLE TO DRIVE AROUND A TOWN RUNNING OVER HAPLESS PEDESTRIANS IN 3-D

IN THE MEANTIME BUCK ROGERS IS THE NEXT BEST THING

JOHN HOLMSTROM

BUCK ROGERS IS INDICATES TRADEMARK OF THE DILLE FAMILY TRUST
BUCK ROGERS VIDEO GAME ©1983 SEGA ENTERPRISES INC

Oddpod

Nose-by-Northeast • Artificial black orthopy skin. Never ever shits out stinking feeling them in Australia. Brain implants, death sure, even if you wanted. [illegible] is going die one [illegible] ever get in [illegible] that is. However there's a small one group of bio hackers who think we don't [illegible] Left feet [illegible] the first place. Better [illegible] your friends. In England's university [illegible] have cut [illegible] which [illegible] the intelligent [illegible] coming discovery. Imagine [illegible] the human body will [illegible] the drug bones. [illegible] people. Big [illegible] defect [illegible] to [illegible] the Earth's magnetic field. [illegible] the rat [illegible] have been found to be a [illegible] Australia [illegible] bad news for [illegible] dealing with the idea of adding the separation right in the [illegible]. There's a gut of [illegible] on the world market.

Thumbdrive • Amazingly thumbs-friendly. Are you [illegible] can be as good as the bros. New technology to help develop your skills and have fun while [illegible] not been patented by [illegible] Washington [illegible] Combining thumb [illegible] Hacks. It deals that you might [illegible] the invention [illegible] in the dynamic discipline [illegible] Wedding your thumb. The device model comes with a switch that flashes to each middle turn and the [illegible] or option [illegible]

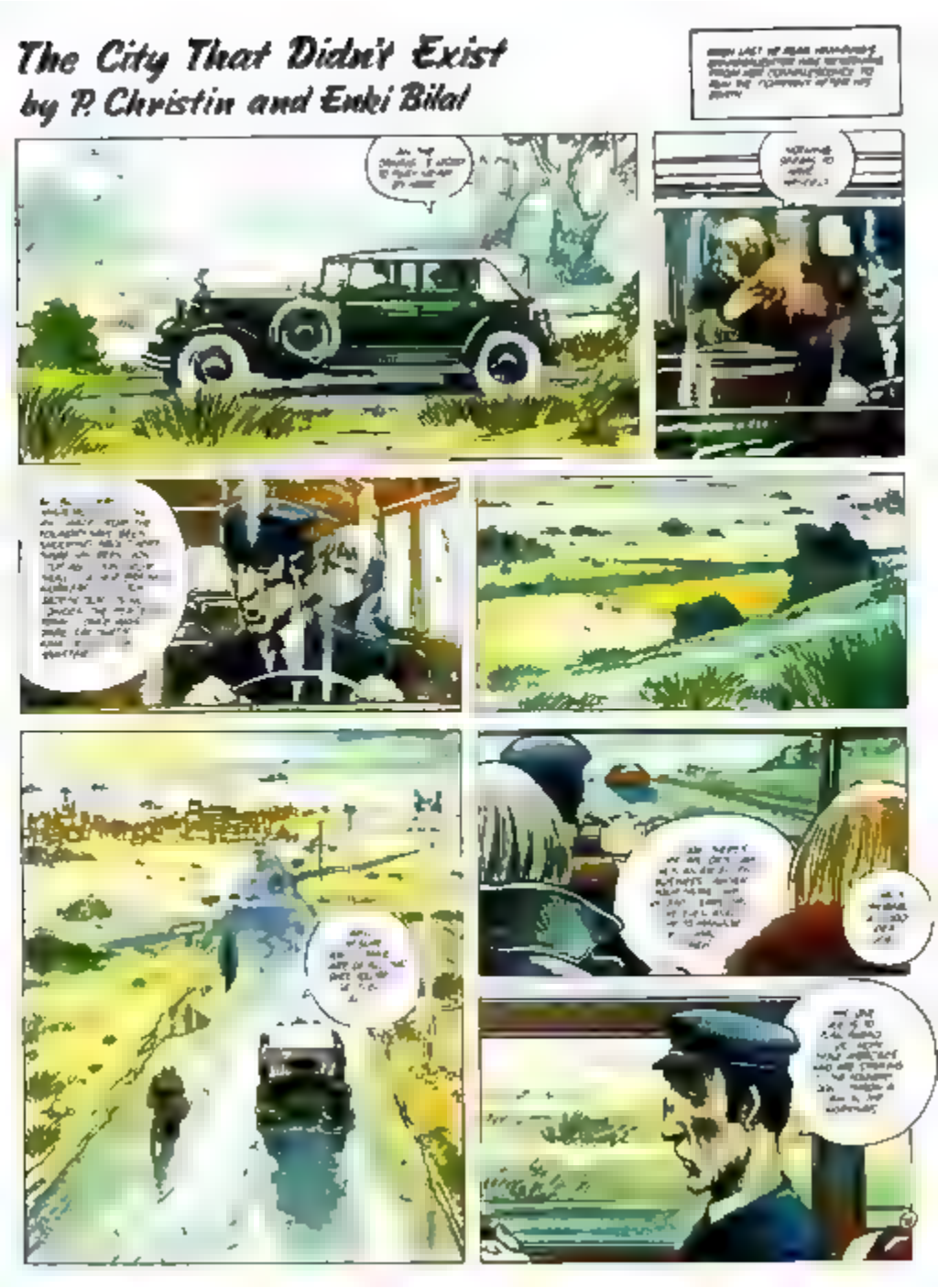
[illegible] out for middle-counting. Or if you like to show off and attract attention. There's the girl yourself thrown out of [illegible] mode. Pull [illegible] as you go.

Japanbomb • [illegible] the image [illegible] of the rolling mind [illegible] Bomb. Dudes will [illegible] passing [illegible] the [illegible] Japanese [illegible] to [illegible] beer [illegible] and [illegible] world, [illegible] to grow new [illegible]. The [illegible] middle [illegible] the [illegible] the famous [illegible] and [illegible] Japan [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] lengths [illegible] tell you [illegible] going [illegible] why the Japanese [illegible] the smartest [illegible] around [illegible].

Snowballs • What happens when your balls catch cold? Do they freeze [illegible] [illegible] with the problem [illegible] Thus, [illegible] and [illegible] syndrome [illegible] the cold weather [illegible] of the testicles [illegible] causes [illegible] development [illegible] Fraser [illegible] Dr. [illegible] the further [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] when things don't [illegible] [illegible] have [illegible] dealing with the [illegible] and the humidity [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] gratuitously [illegible] [illegible] body heat [illegible] the [illegible] of the turtle [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] humor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal



PANG

TCHK

UH!

THE ODYSSEY

BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SALIRI

ZEUS !

¡AAAH!

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Stenn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton T shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear: our silver satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets too.

The original HM T shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name. Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¾" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Ideal, when dressing for your first prison ball.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 483
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Please send me the following items:

Captain Stenn T-shirts ____ small ____ medium ____ large at $7.50 each.
Heavy Metal T-shirts ____ small ____ medium ____ large ____ red ____ black at $7.50 each
Heavy Metal jackets ____ small ____ medium ____ large at $38.00 each
Heavy Metal belt buckles at $16.95 each

All prices above include postage and handling.

New York State residents please add applicable sales tax.
Total enclosed ____

Name ____

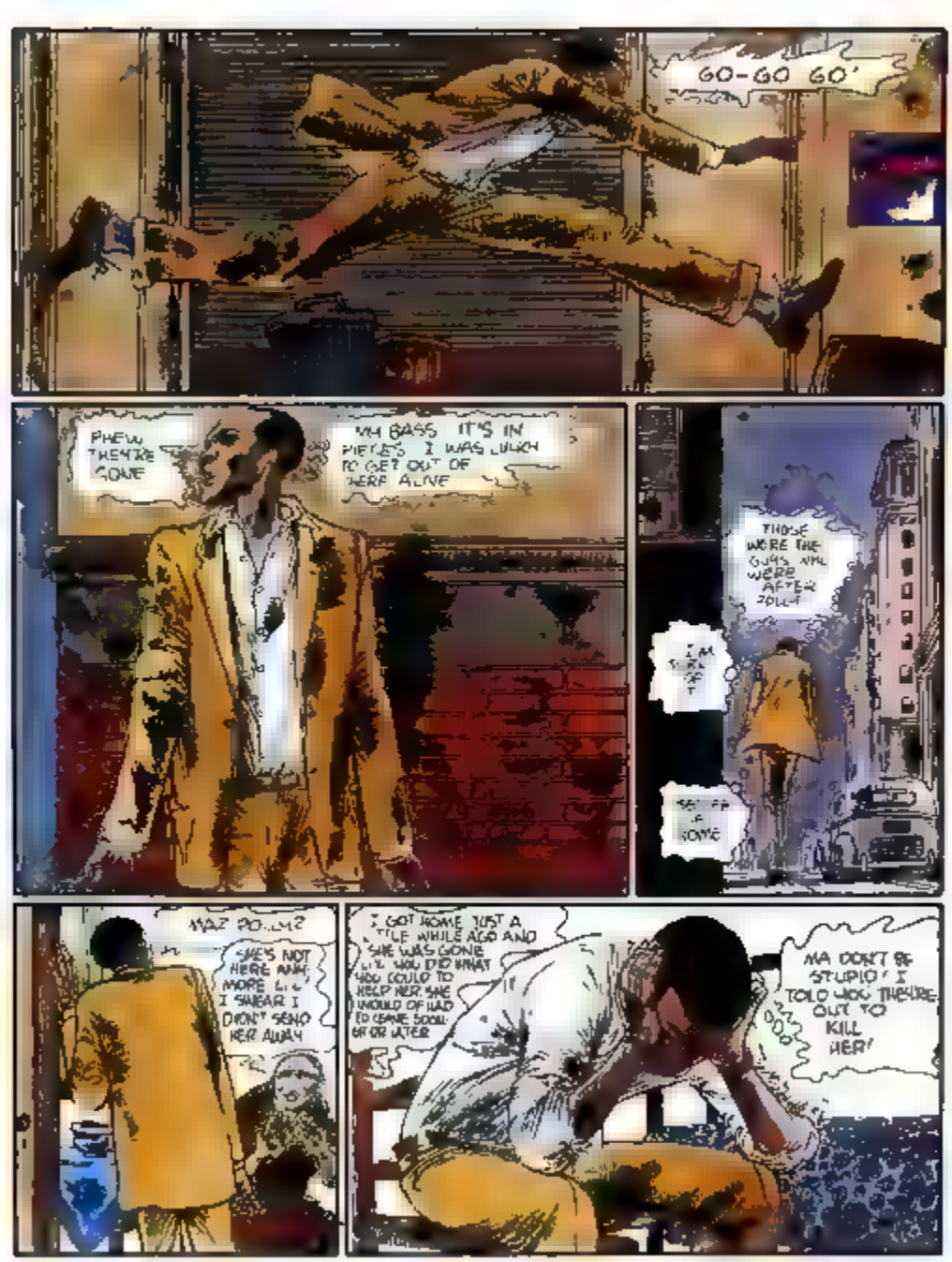
Address ____

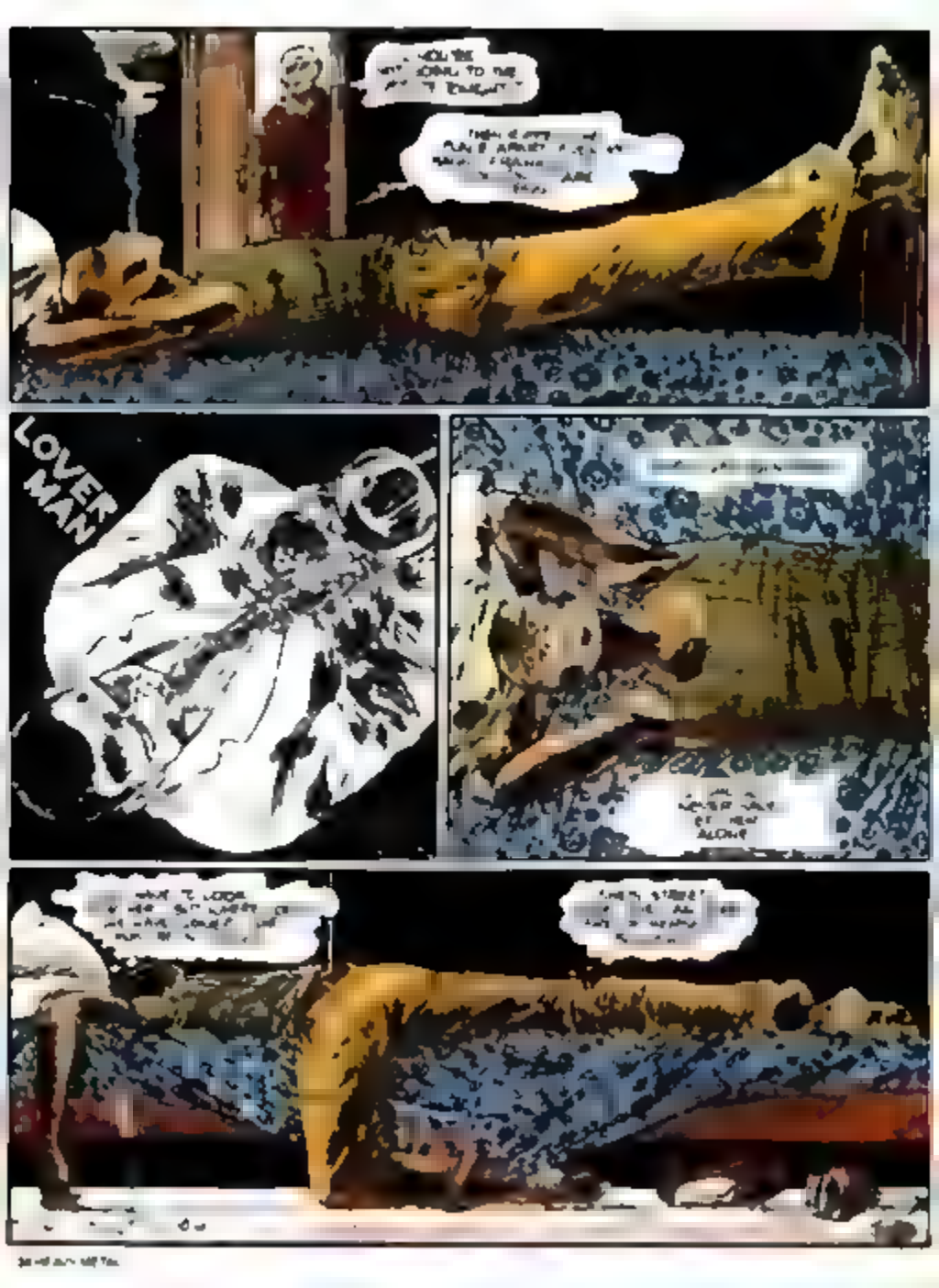
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

THE MAN FROM HARLEM
TRRRRWOOW
KO
KO
KO
TRRRRRRR...
KO

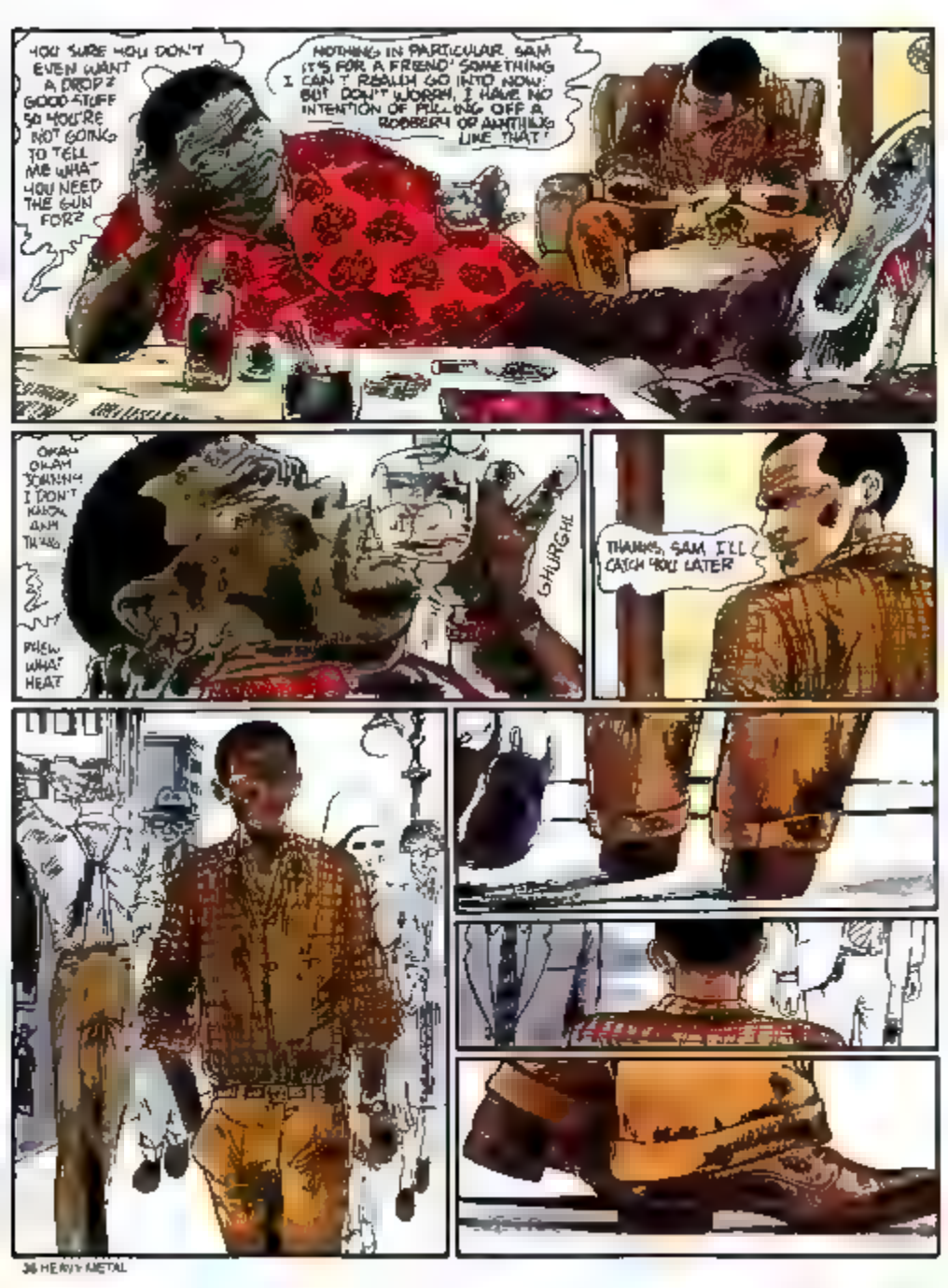
VROAR...
BREAK YOU IN TWO
VRSHHH
KO
KO

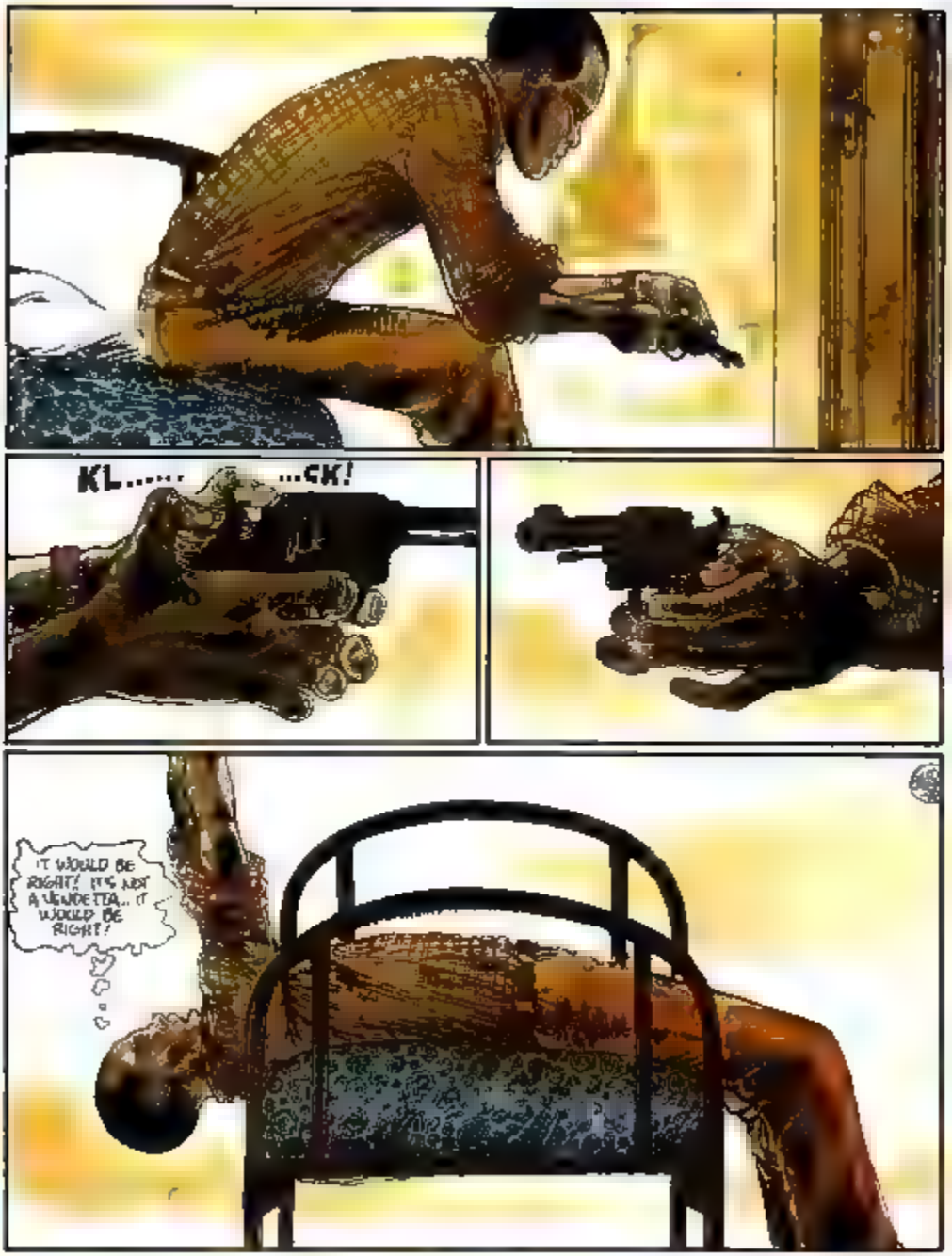
OOOHH!!
DAMN NIGGER!
...YAAH!!
SDUN!..
YOU
PIG!
SKRANK!
SDRSH...
WUORR...!
UHRG!...

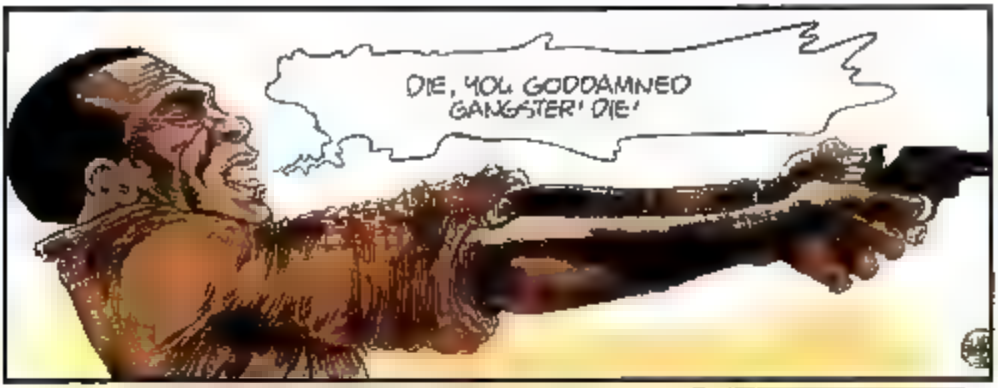

GO-GO GO'
PHEW THEY'RE GONE
MY BASS IT'S IN PIECES I WAS LUCKY TO GET OUT OF THERE ALIVE
THOSE WERE THE GUYS WHO WERE AFTER POLLY
MAZ POLLY?
SHE'S NOT HERE ANY MORE LIL I SWEAR I DIDN'T SEND HER AWAY
I GOT HOME JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO AND SHE WAS GONE LIL YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD TO HELP HER SHE WOULD OF HAD TO LEAVE SOONER OR LATER
MA DON'T BE STUPID! I TOLD YOU THEY'RE OUT TO KILL HER!


LOVER MAN

I'LL HAVE YOU READ THE PAPER TODAY? THE POOR GIRL IT'S TERRIBLE!
ARE YOU OKAY?
LEAVE ME ALONE MA
WHERE ARE YOU GOING LIZZ
LITTLE!


YOU SURE YOU DON'T EVEN WANT A DROP? GOOD STUFF SO YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED THE GUN FOR?
NOTHING IN PARTICULAR, SAM IT'S FOR A FRIEND' SOMETHING I CAN'T REALLY GO INTO NOW: BUT DON'T WORRY, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF PULLING OFF A ROBBERY OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT!
OKAY OKAY JOHNNY I DON'T KNOW ANY THING
PHEW WHAT HEAT
GHURGH!
THANKS, SAM I'LL CATCH YOU LATER


KL.....
...CK!
IT WOULD BE RIGHT! IT'S NOT A VENDETTA... IT WOULD BE RIGHT!



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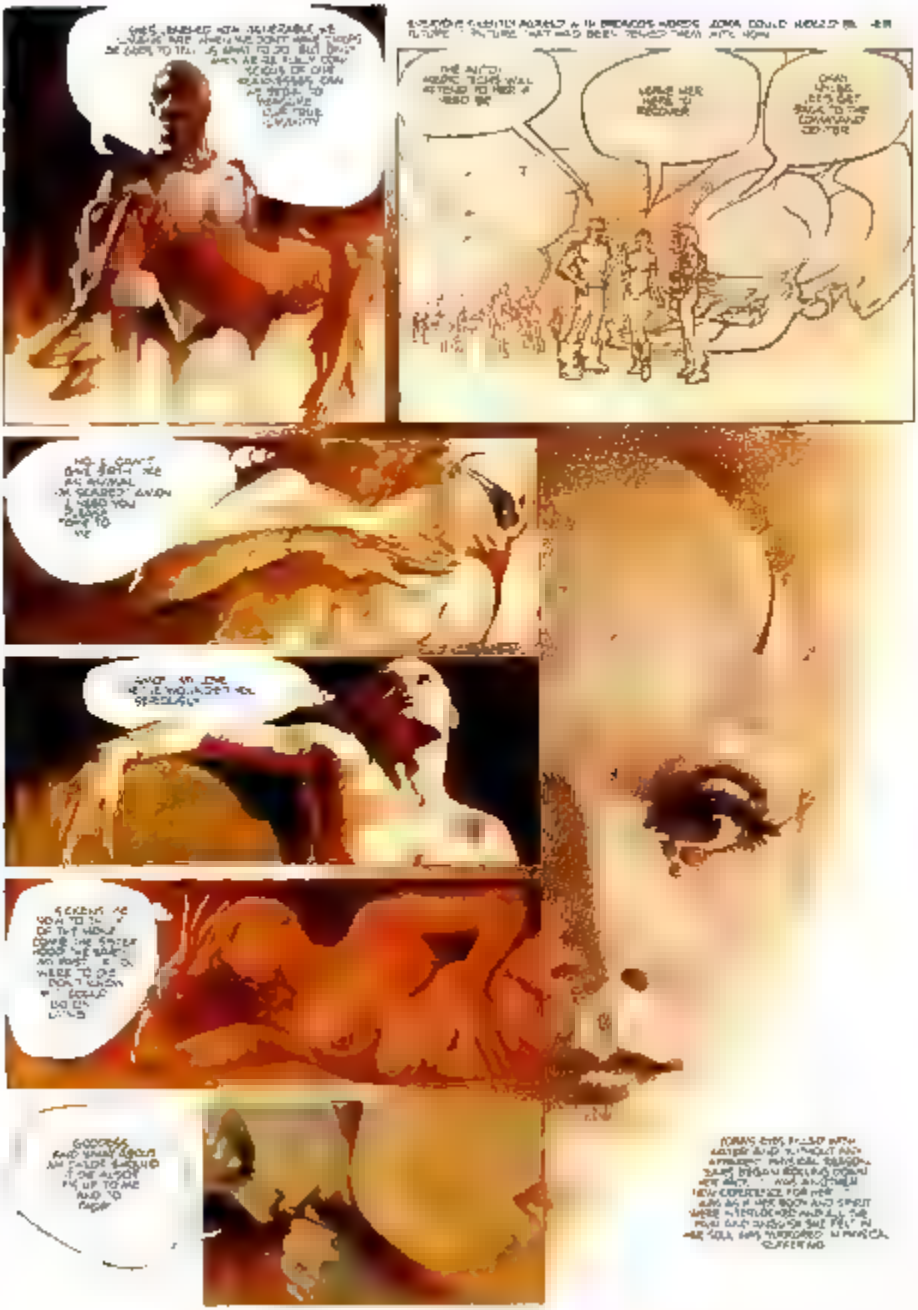
2084


THE ALIEN MEANS THAT WILL ATTEMPT TO MAKE A HERO OUT OF
MAKE HER HERE TO RECOVER
OKAY, LET'S GET BACK TO THE COMMAND CENTER
NO, I CAN'T EVEN SIGHT THE ALIEN 'SCARED' UNION I NEED YOU TO COME TO ME
SHOT IN THE HEAD, SPECIALLY
SEEMS WE GOT A LOT OF THE WORK DONE THE EARLIER HOPE WE SAVED AN HOUR TO WHERE TO GO DON'T UNION
GOODBYE AND WHAT ABOUT AN FOLDER AROUND FOR ALSON PICK UP TO ME AND TO

JUNE 2050

STAGESTRUCK STARSTRUCK

by Steven Maloff

Before "Starstruck" was a comic strip, now devoured monthly by *Heavy Metal* readers, it was a play that ran at New York's Network theater in the Spring of 1980. On the third anniversary of its opening, the play is being resurrected at Forum's Park Royal (23 W. 73rd St., New York, NY 10023, 212-787-3980), April 26 through May 8.

When Michael Kaluta, illustrator, approached writer Elaine Lee, who was pouring over a stack of magazines in a New York restaurant, Lee mentioned a play that she was mulling over, and Kaluta offered to work on the sets and costumes. So began the prolific team of Lee and Kaluta.

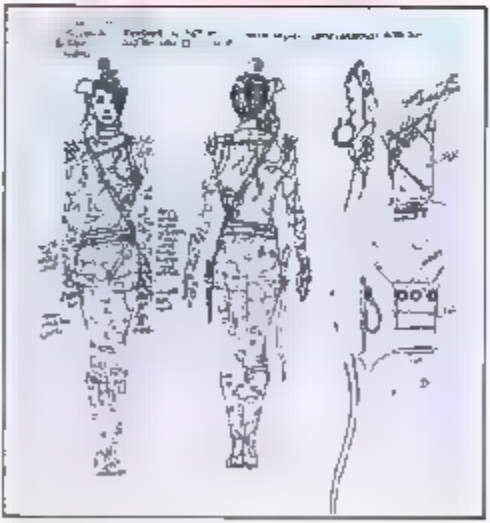
"I re-read the Bible and picked up some science fiction themes from that."

"*Starstruck* started out as a spoof of popular media science fiction, with stock characters," says Lee. "Then I re-read the Bible, and picked up some science fiction themes from that, and Michael fed me other original sf ideas. Of course, it includes some social commentary—people often comment on the feminism—but it's all coined. I want people to *enjoy* it. People accept new ideas and commentary more readily if they're funny."

By April 1980, the cast and crew were not ready to spring *Starstruck* on theatergoers, but they did. "The set was being built right up until people started coming in. At 7:45, the stage manager was on stage drying Verloona's throne with a hair dryer. We really had our dress rehearsal a week after we opened.

"Kaluta's just the designer for folks with a limited budget," Lee continues. "We built harps, the good guys' spaceship out of coffee cans, an old Hot Wheels set, Alka Seltzer bottles filled with marbles and water, and Bingo chips, among other things."

By the time the play closed, Kaluta and Lee were hopelessly immersed in *Starstruck*, and couldn't abandon it. It was then that Kaluta suggested a comic strip. "I'd never done a strip before," Lee remembers, "it's such a big commitment." She soon found out what a commitment it was when she found herself walled up in Kaluta's apartment for months on end, inventing new characters and pasts for them—things that may never have been used, just, perhaps, mentioned in passing by a minor character. The two have stacks of index cards with definitions of new words, descriptions of systems. "We ask ourselves all kinds of questions, and we argue a lot." For instance, "Did this religion grow out of conditions on the planet, or was it an import? We have a system of planets whose government is based on the *National Enquirer*'s 'Simple Recipe for Happiness,' and it works! The ideas for the major stories were suggested by things the characters in the play had revealed about their



Above: The evil Verloona (Sandra Spinney) has a few choice words for Kalit Bajar (Paul Rutkevich). Below: Kaluta's original sketch of Verloona's volume.

Above: Erotica Ann and Kaliji Bajar share a tender moment.
Below: Kaluta's version of the beautiful android as seen in the Starstruck Portfolio from S. Q. Productions.

"Starstruck is the universe, and Michael and I are the Gods."

basis. We *know* our universe, and we hope that will add an extra dimension to the stories that actually make it into the books. Michael and I have been living in our own alternate universe for over three years now.

Even though the play had closed and the strip had begun, Lee and Kaluta were anxious to mount the theatrical production again. A few directors made suggestions—one director said to make more good vs. evil, like *Star Wars*; another said to make it more decadent, like *Rocky Horror*. But Lee and Kaluta are committed to their personal vision of what *Starstruck* is, and they remain unpersuaded.

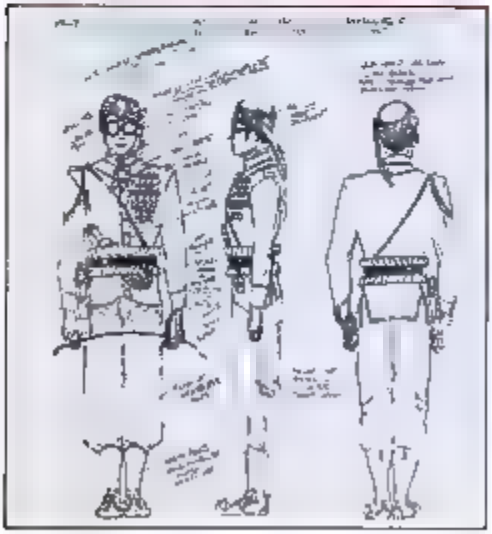
"It's fantasy entertainment. I think fantasy has replaced religion for a lot of people. It's the ecstatic experience—when make-believe becomes real. God is just too far away, and science fiction is now giving that to people. Fantasy is touching deeper, it strikes at the hearts and minds of people. Other people's science fiction future is becoming our present experience! It has more to do with today."

"Since this is the second time around for *Starstruck*," she continues, "it's a lot easier and more professional, naturally. We're *not* going to finish the costumes opening night. We began re-working the play immediately. It's basically the same set, but with a lot of decorative differences—for instance, our spaceships have video monitors. But we've been working on *Starstruck* for three years, and the play itself has also evolved. We've taken stuff from the strip and put it into the play. We've cut a couple of characters and condensed a few scenes.

The characters have grown past us and now exist on their own. *Starstruck* is the universe, and Michael and I are the Gods. The play and the strip have come from *that*.

Lee will next begin to study video, and we can expect a taped production to emerge from the universe of Elaine Lee and Michael Kaluta's *Starstruck*.

Galaha 6



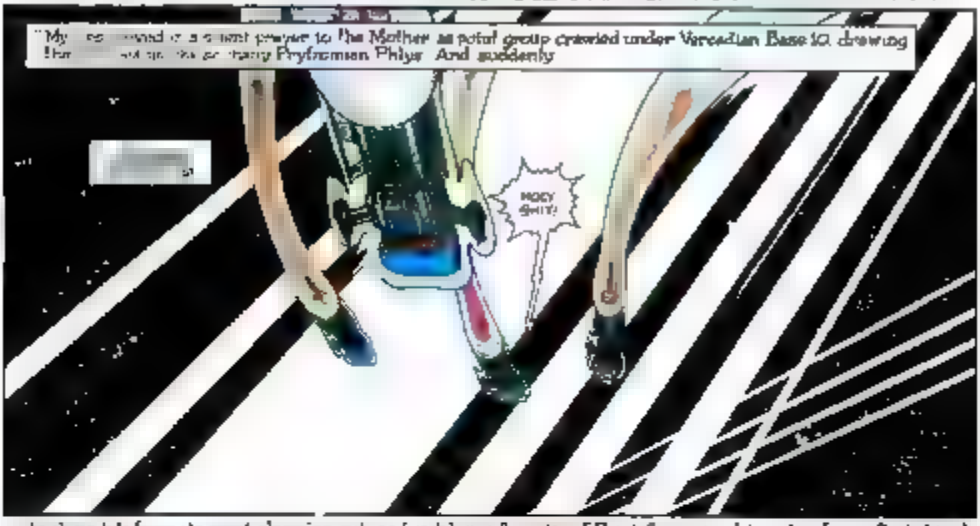
Above: Kalit Bajar in the flesh.
Below: Kalit Bajar in pencil, captured by the nimble hand of Michael Kaluta.

Above: The [illegible] of [illegible] Kaluta.
Opposite: The somewhat menacing Verbena, skipper of the Siren 3 and leader of the back in the "Queen of Outer Space" contest.

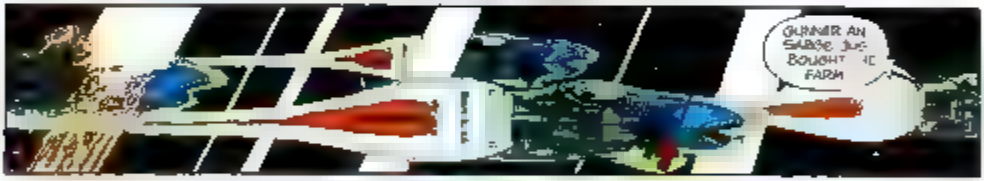
STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE · ILLUSTRATED BY M. W. KALLITA
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

[illegible]

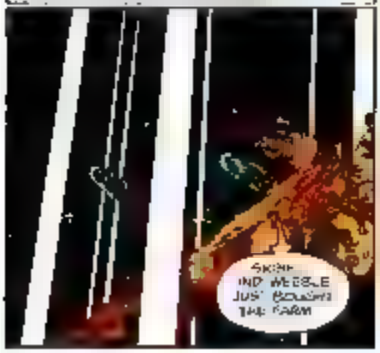


[illegible] belching bile from its great churning gut, and each brave Brigader of Point Group saw his or her face reflected in its omnivorous teeth as he or she stared grim-faced down the [illegible] threat of death.

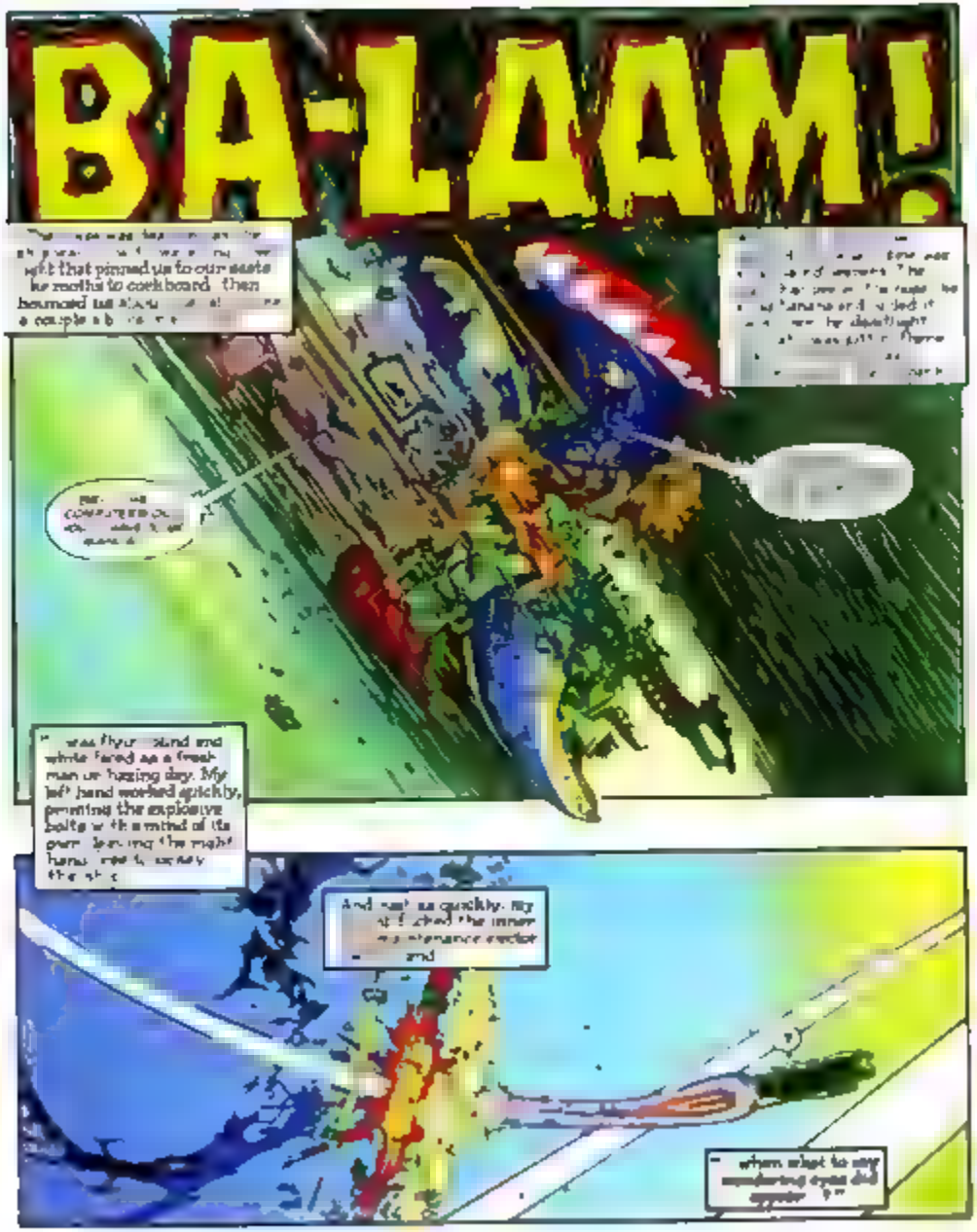


"Unbeknownst to me, "Damper" and the Hi-Boys had cut out the malignant Base 5 like the cancer it was. My full attention was, at the time, primarily focused on keepin' Point Group clear of the fast-fryin' fangs of the death dealin' droids.

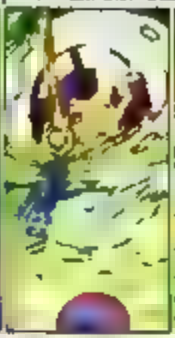
My full attention proved to be worth less than a BAJAR SHILLING.

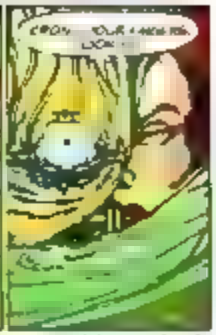


"I saw it comin' at 'em, but before I could say "Stan" "Jaw off to Port", Stan and "Butcher" had been reduced to a fond memory and just as suddenly -"

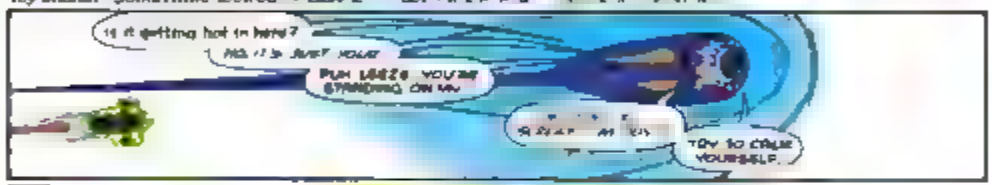

BA-LAAM!
ight that pinned us to our seats
he moths to cockboard then
bounced us
I was flying blind and
white faced as a fresh
man on hazing day. My
left hand worked quickly,
printing the explosive
bolts with a mind of its
own leaving the right
hand free to occasy
the ship
And just as quickly, my
fuched the inner
maintenance vector
and
when what to my
wondering eyes did
appear ?"

"As we sped toward obliteration, I hoisted myself up to my stirrups, pressing the barrel of my blaster slowly into and thru the translucent field of force whose quivering skin of energy was the only thing that kept me from that final date with the void

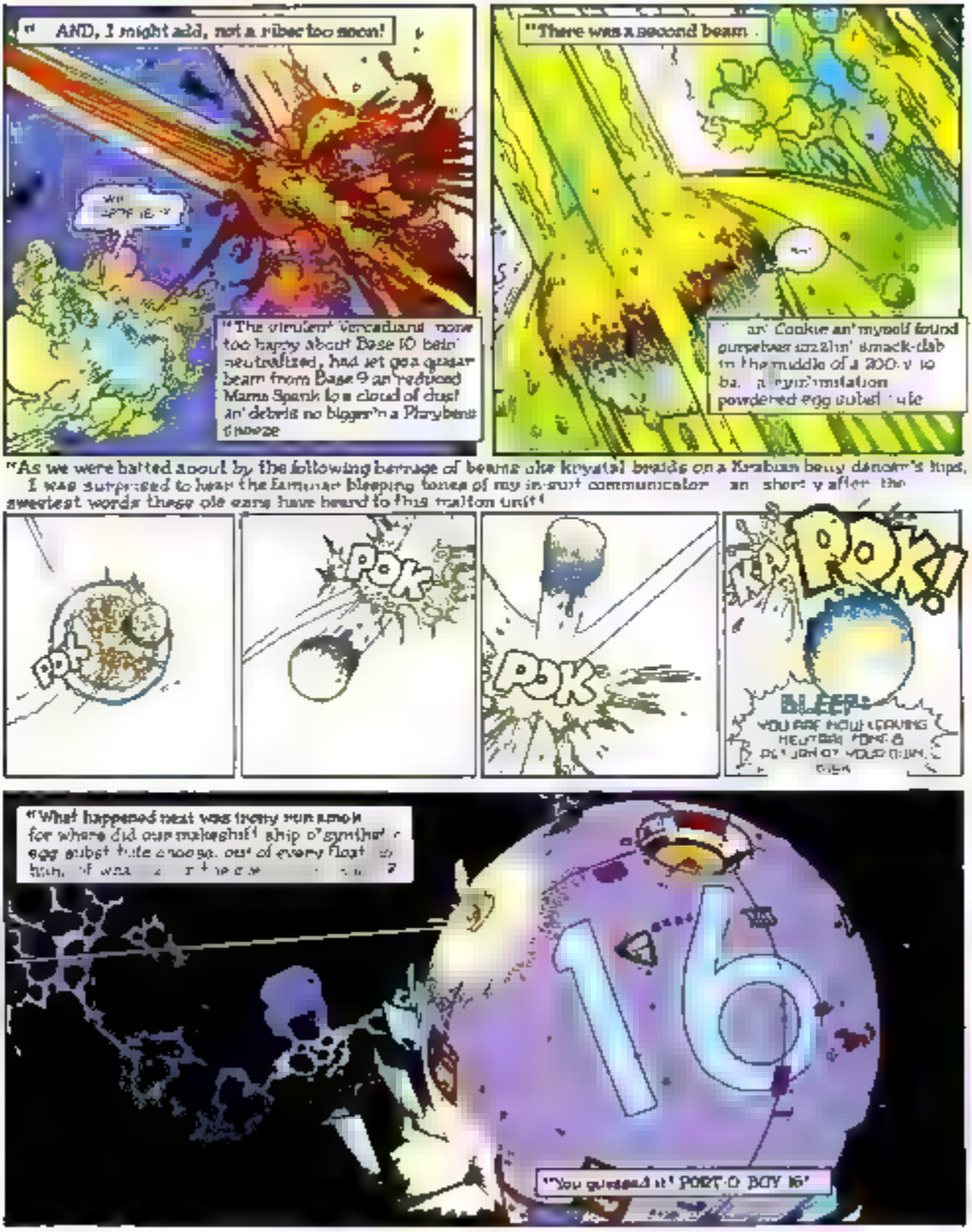


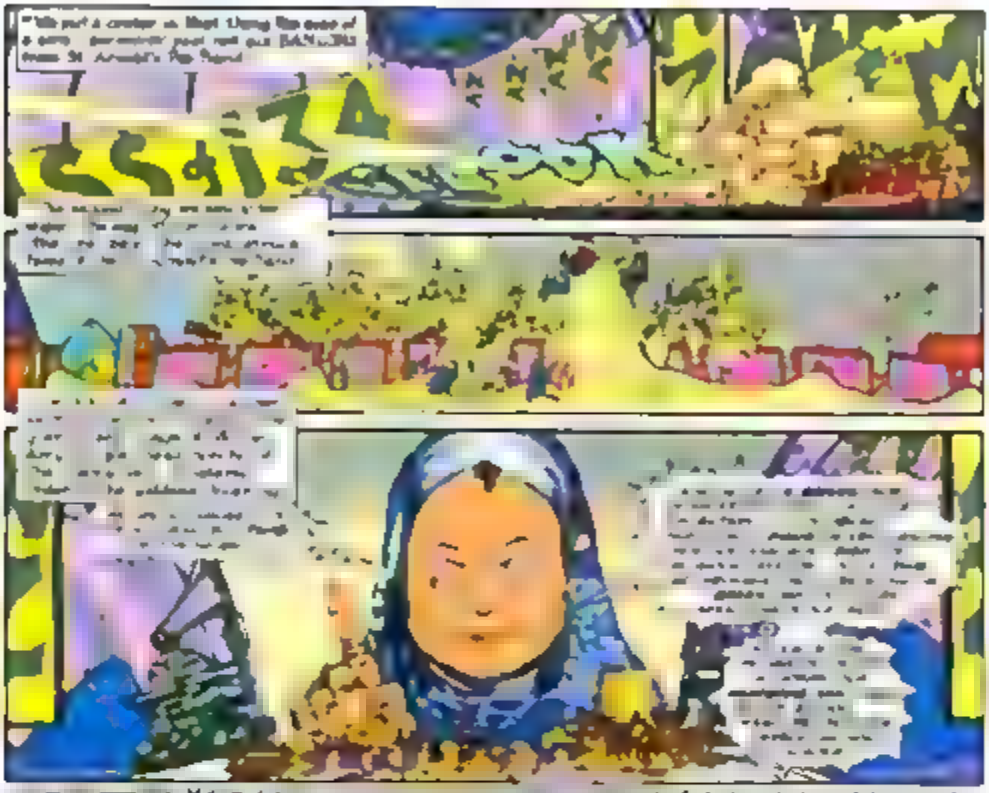


"I've never been able to explain what happened [illegible] the story [illegible] and I never fired my blaster. SOMETHING took over. I have [illegible]



"Before I could breathe the usual sigh of relief, I became aware that we had entered an atmospheric envelope surrounding the ex V base. This fact became clear to me when [illegible] the condition of the ship."


"AND, I might add, not a riber too soon!
"The virulent Vercadians, none too happy about Base 10 bein' neutralized, had let go a quasar beam from Base 9 an' reduced Mama Spank to a cloud of dust an' debris no bigger'n a Phrybens sneeze
"There was a second beam.
"An' Cookie an' myself found ourselves in a 2 ... smack-dab in the middle of a 200-v ... powdered egg substitute
"As we were batted about by the following barrage of beams like krystal braids on a Krabian belly dancer's hips, I was surprised to hear the familiar bleeping tones of my in-suit communicator ... an' shortly after the sweetest words these ole ears have heard to this malton unit!
POK
POK
POK
POK!
BLEEP!
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING NEUTRAL ZONE & RETURN TO YOUR OWN SIDE
"What happened next was irony run amok for where did our makeshift ship o' synthetic egg substitute choose, out of every float ... 16
"You guessed it! PORT-O BOY 16!"



GOOD 'EM!

"The past few months were a nightmare. Little did I suspect that I was to play the pawn in a drama of deception that made a travesty of justice and a mockery of the words 'fair play'."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers, editors, hidden-in-the-ink Sisters were saying. "You are the comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and lettering." They said. "The public wants assembly-line art. You guys are crazy."

They were right — but after over 600,000 underground comics have been sold, it seems as if they were only right about the last part. These artists were crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since. Uncorrupted comics are alive and well after over a decade of bleak up the old rules of cartooning. And they are available through the offer in their original form.

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Please add $1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental US. New York State residents please add 8% sales tax.

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Send to: Heavy Metal Comics
Dept. HM-983
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Mr. Simmons, [illegible]

I should tell you that [illegible] *HM* very much [illegible] nothing but encourage [illegible]. [illegible] Thomas Ma[illegible] and [illegible] treatment of [illegible] from Frank Thring, [illegible]. After [illegible] glancing at your somewhat [illegible], I thought, "God, what a bitch!" *[illegible]* [illegible] *There are* [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] bit [illegible] Thomas [illegible] thank you very much. [illegible] Bach, Bartok, Berg and [illegible] were influenced [illegible] by the [illegible] of their [illegible] are today's composers influenced by the Beatles, [illegible]. I thank you are perfect [illegible] the defense of your own art. [illegible]

Why do people feel the need to [illegible] art? These people seem to be the self-[illegible] [illegible] their opinions are so important [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] directly or indirectly [illegible] darling, do let's go to the symphony and I'll [illegible] [illegible]. This [illegible] called [illegible] [illegible] Sandow's [illegible] article [illegible] the [illegible] house. So you may ask, why am I a violinist? (Of course, this probably was the farthest from [illegible] mind [illegible] ever knew me.) Because I find that Bach's D Minor Partita for solo violin has something meaningful to say to me as a person living in the present and gives me a [illegible] complete rapport with the composer and helps me understand how he [illegible] influenced [illegible] every other composer since. [illegible] as a performer that no matter whether I'm playing Bach or [illegible] or Stevie Wonder or Frank Zappa that there is even one person out there listening to the music and what's being said [illegible] making [illegible] or [illegible]. There is a great deal of peer pressure in the classical world [illegible] and many different reasons why people go to concerts of any kind of music. And it's always acceptable [illegible] someone by emulating [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the kind of music [illegible] never be able [illegible] amateur or professional, who never seem to like anything any more.

Of course, if critics are assholes, then I, too, am an asshole, since I've just criticized critics. But then, what the Hell [illegible] [illegible].

Tom Fetherston
Cleveland, [illegible]

HM

Never before [illegible] enjoyed a magazine as much as I enjoyed your December issue. [illegible] had to buy two just to satisfy myself. I sorta [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had as much fun [illegible] while [illegible] But then [illegible] got carried away and proceeded to obliterate any and all resemblance [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the ultimate magazine.

[illegible] Morris
[illegible], England

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Hey [illegible]

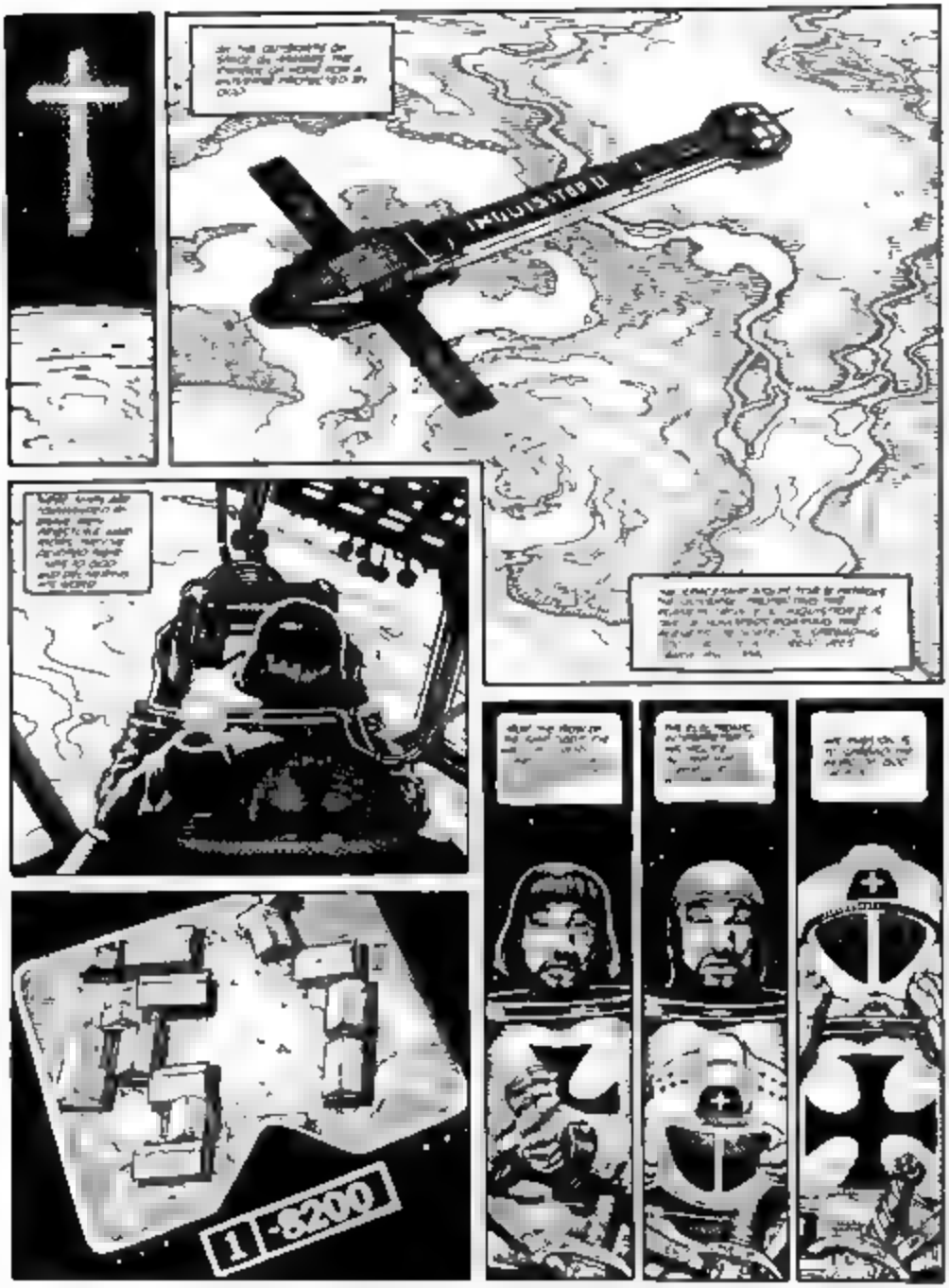
[illegible] on the back of [illegible] February [illegible] magazine [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] greater [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

I [illegible] find a magazine [illegible] presented *HM*'s type of art with a healthier bipartisan [illegible] [illegible] subscriber [illegible] got me [illegible] the balls. Talk about [illegible].

Ken Nelson
Christiansburg, VA

I didn't name the [illegible]

SPACE CRUSADER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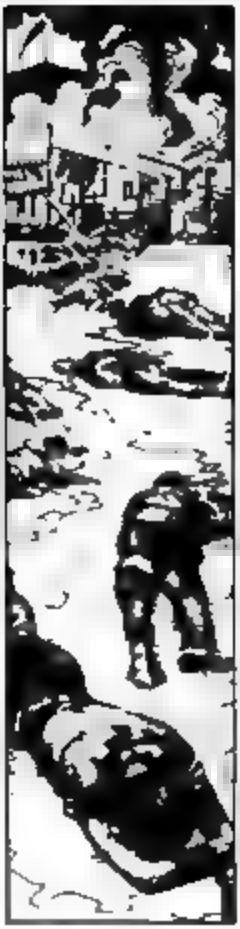
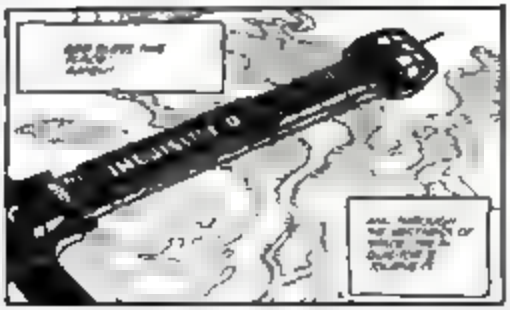


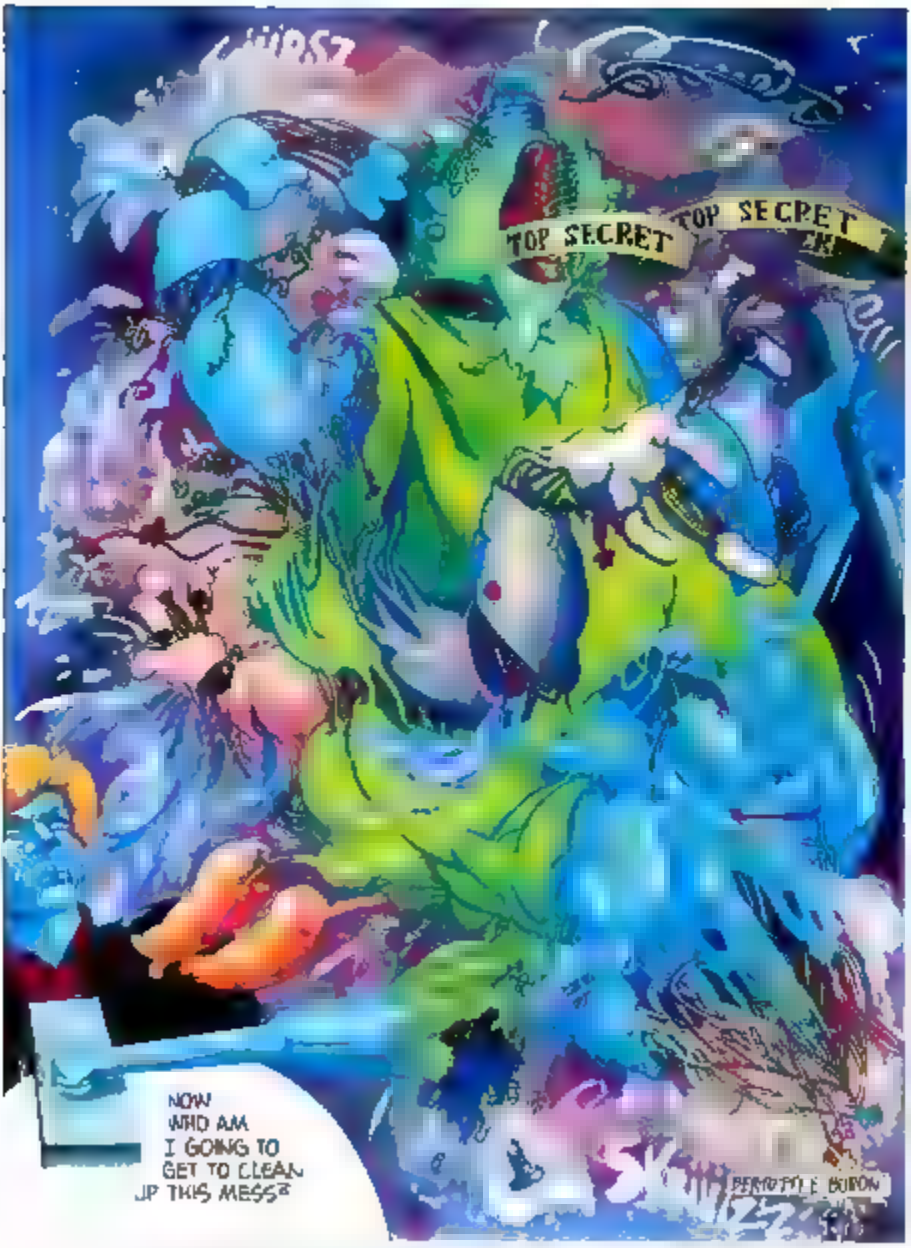


THE END

MARLOWSKITZ
FOR THE MOST PART, HIS BODY IS COVERED WITH A THIN PLATE OF STEEL COATED WITH PLASTIC. THEREFORE, HE AVOIDS BARROOM SCENES, WHICH INEVITABLY TURN INTO BRAWLS. THE LOWER PART OF HIS RIGHT LEG IS A MECHANICAL LIMB WHICH, IF NEED BE, BECOMES A DEADLY WEAPON. MARLOWSKITZ WAS A PRETTY HOT-SHIT DETECTIVE AROUND ABOUT THE YEAR 2500. SOCIETY WAS DETERIORATING RAPIDLY.

MARLONSKITZ THE DETECTIVE
OH. IT'S THE CLEANING WOMAN. THEN HOW CAN IT BE WEDNESDAY? SHE USUALLY COMES IN ON THURSDAY!
THE DOOR IS OPEN? BUT WHAT DAY IS IT? WEDNESDAY? YEAH, YEAH, TODAY IS WEDNESDAY.
TODAY WAS BETTER FOR ME. ON THURSDAYS NOW I DUST THE STALACTITES IN THE GYM OF THE UPPER TOMBS!
GOOD FOR YOU! NO PROBLEM

STALAC TITES?
UPPER TOMBS? GYMS?
...DUST?...
DUST!
DUST THIS, YOU SPY!
SKIPZ
AND THOSE CORNERS
THE STALACTITES DON'T NEED DUSTING ANY LONGER SINCE THEY PUT IN THE NEW ANTISTATIC SPACESHIP GODDAMNED SPY!



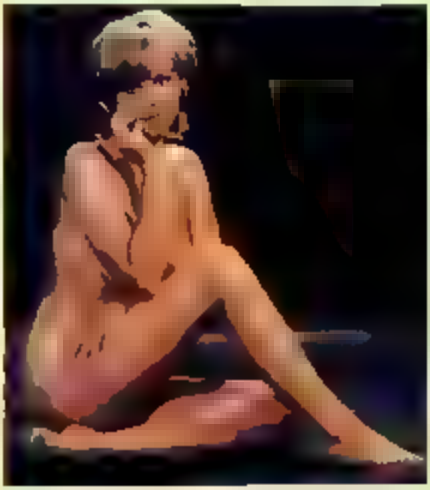
THE END STAY TUNED FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF MARLOWSKITZ THE ROBOTIC DETECTIVE WITH A WICKED TEMPER!

By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing M.B.A. of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace



"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

Sir,

As far as I'm concerned M.B.A. Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for two.

For more faster service call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31

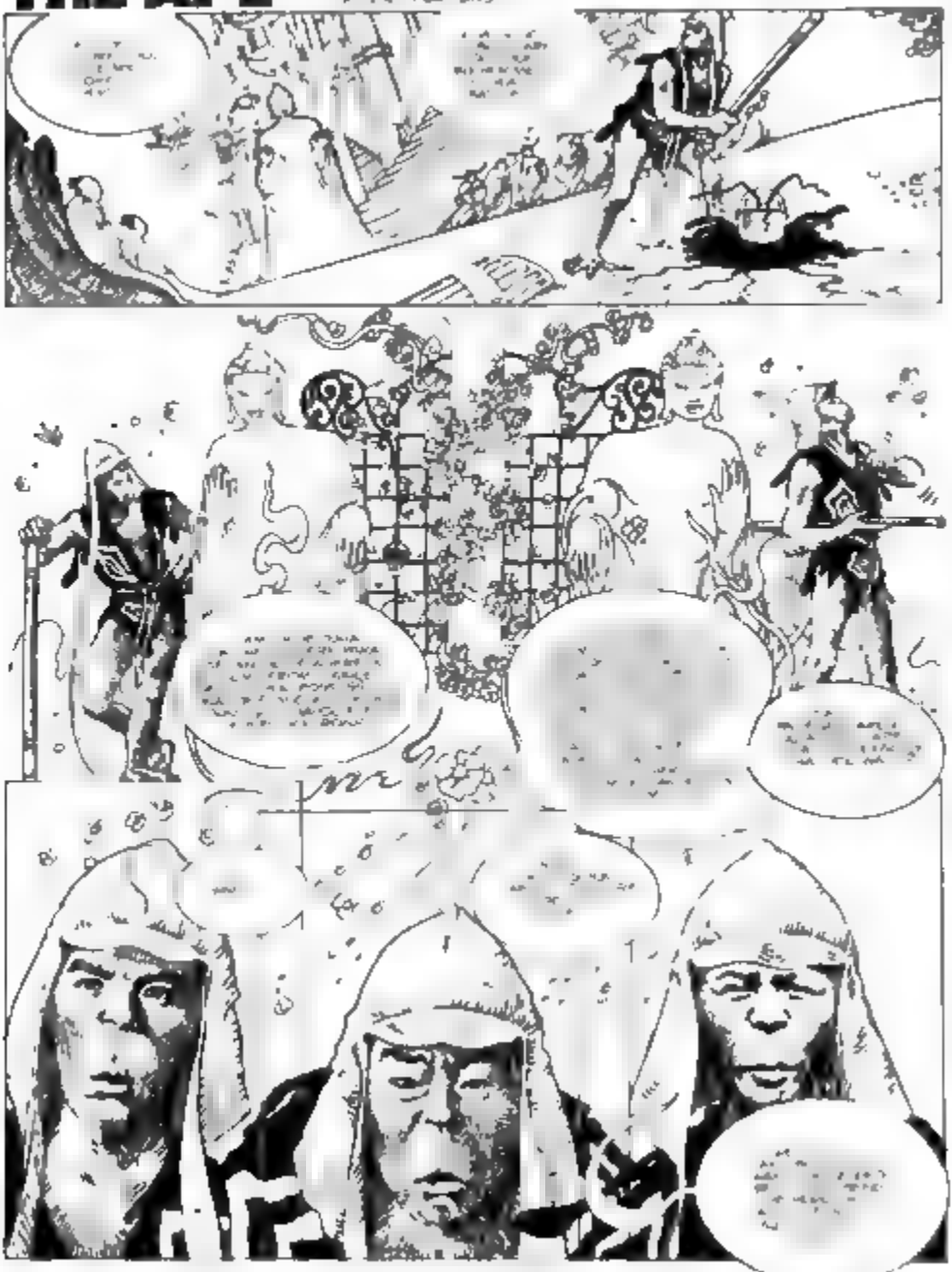
Sirs

I'm siding with M.B.A. Candy in the women and marketing-strategy department. She couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

For even faster service call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #21

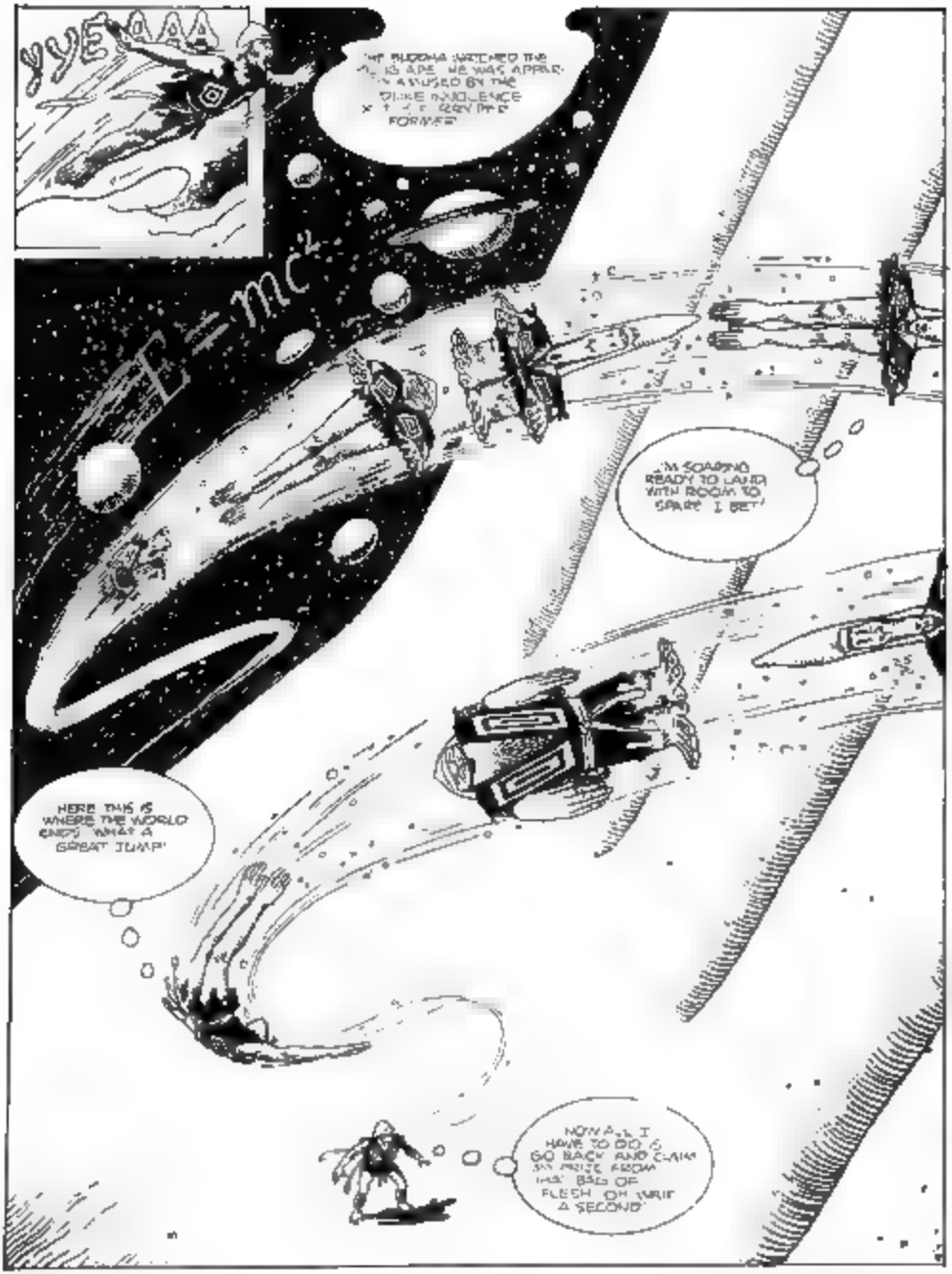
"I've my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

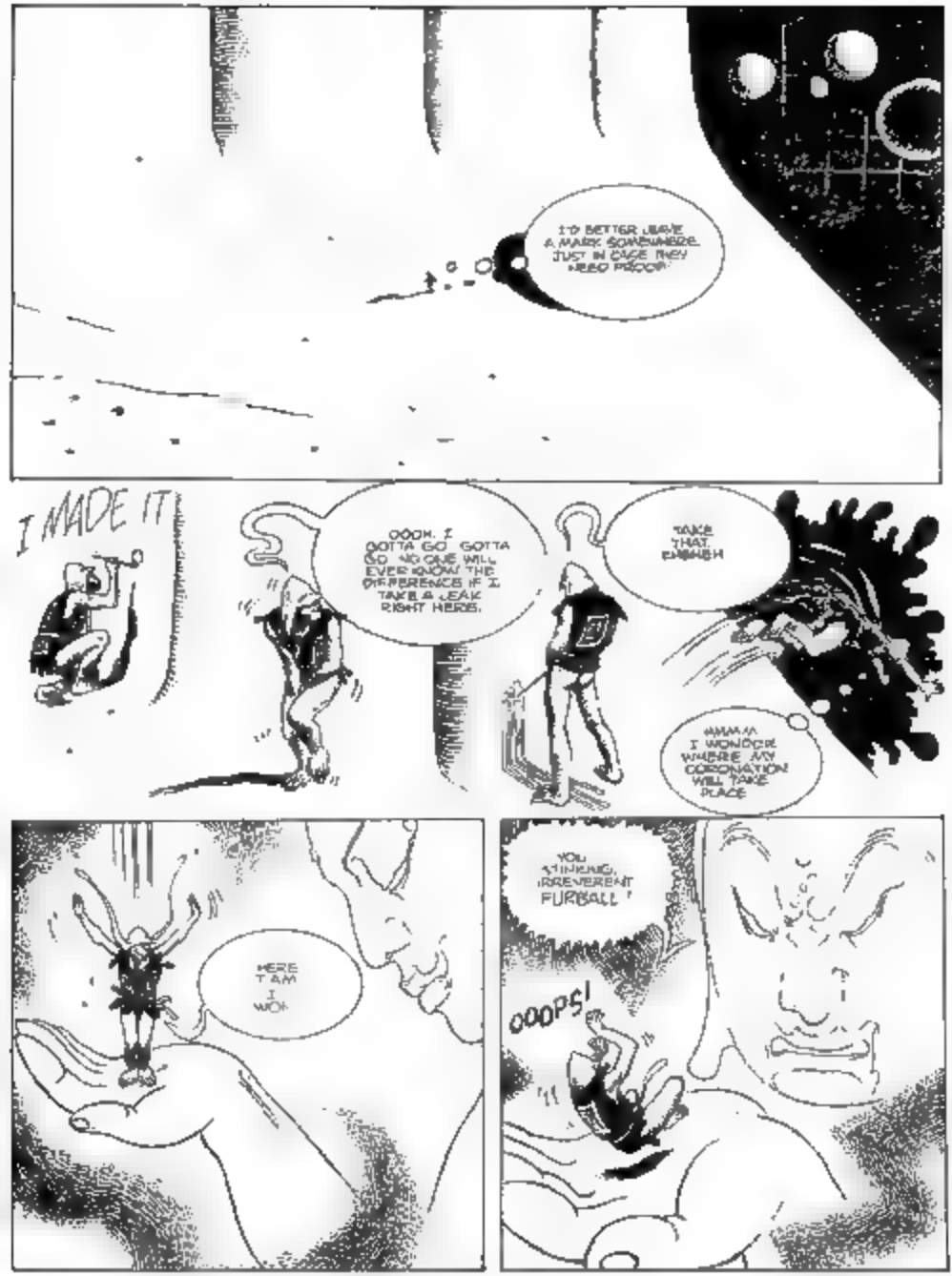
THE APE

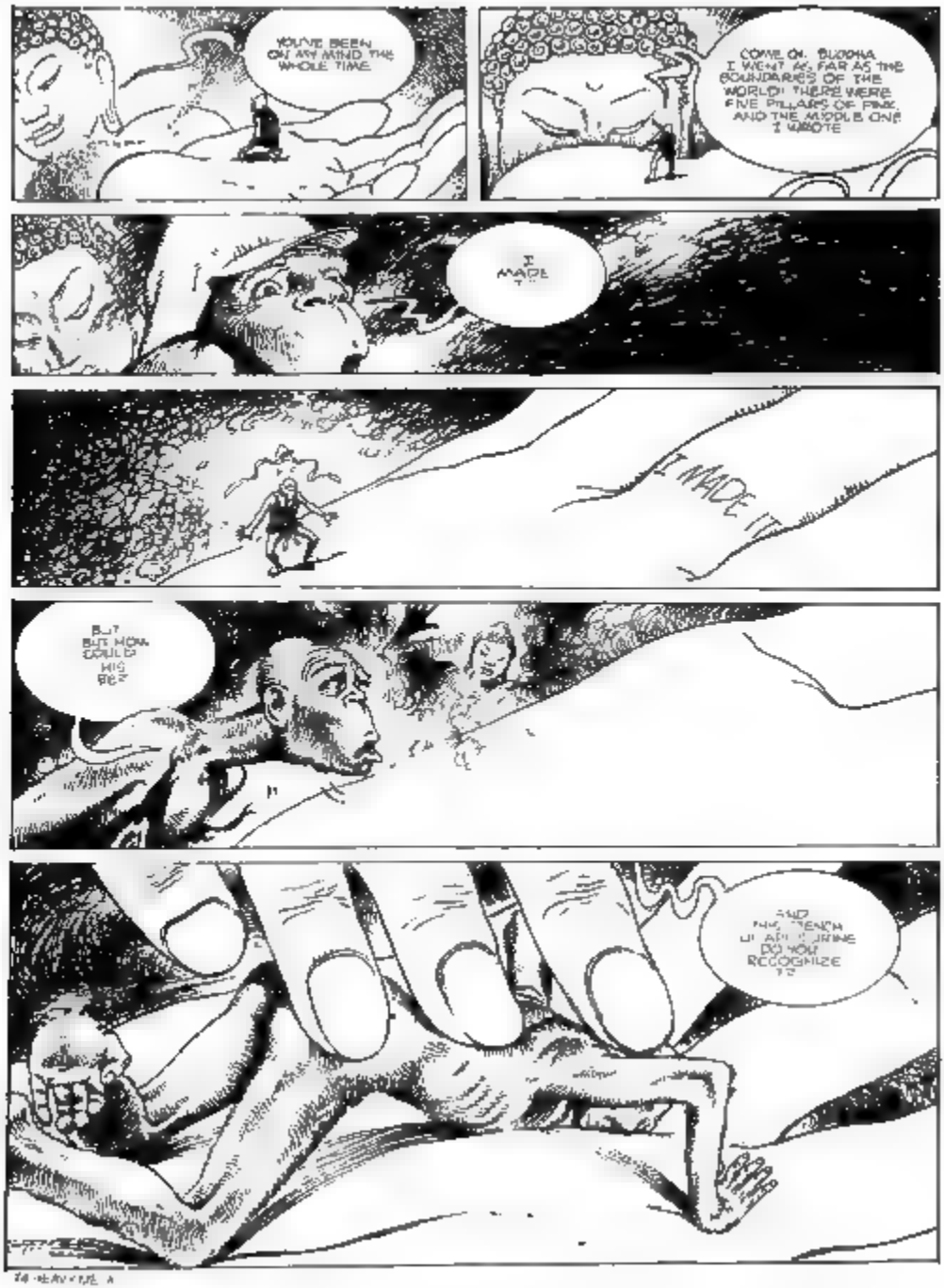


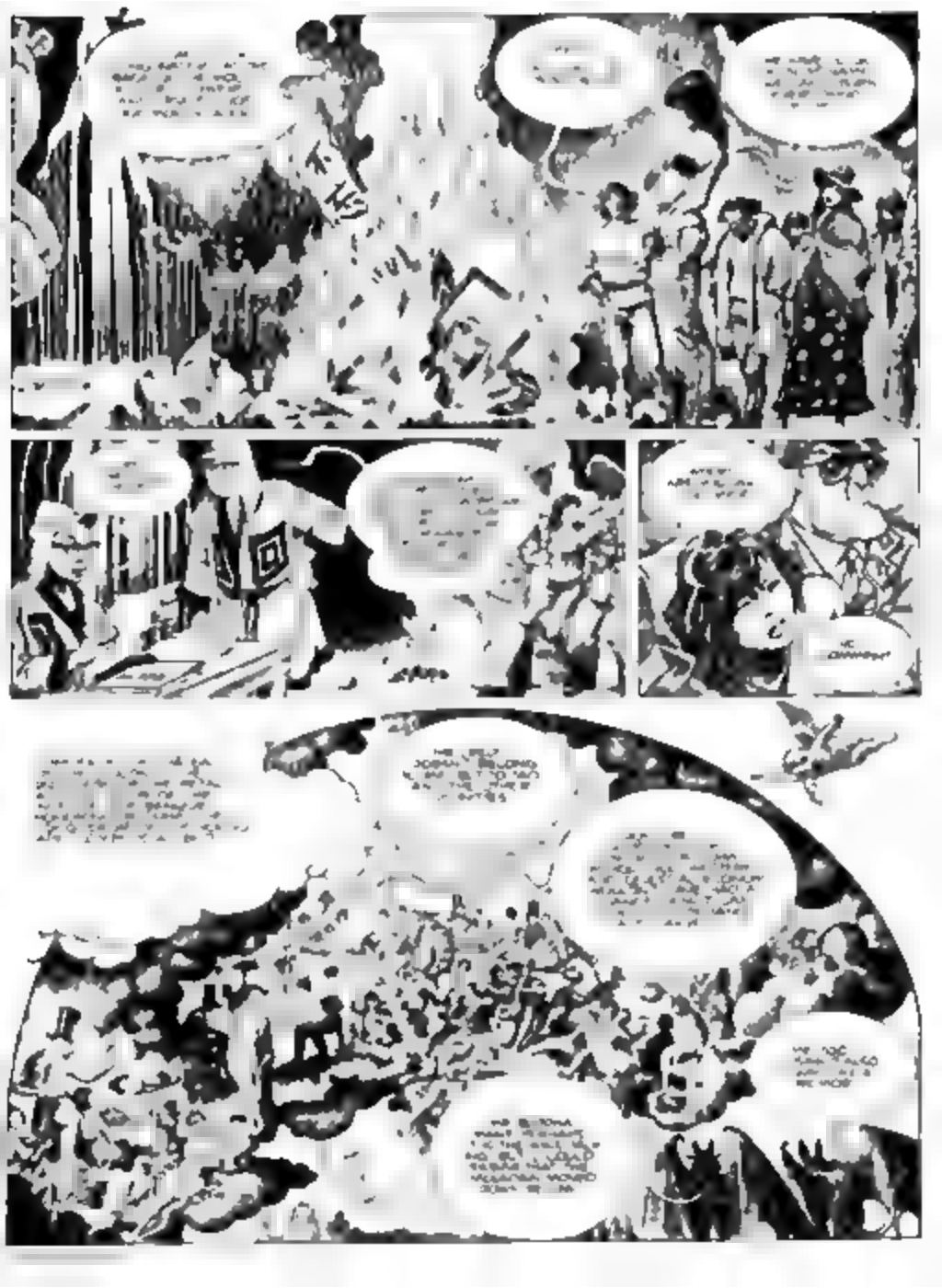
TODAY IS THE EMPEROR OF JADE'S TURN... TOMORROW IS YOURS.
STRAIS

TRANSFORMATIONS
?


YYEAAA
THE BUDDHA WATCHED THE
AMUSED BY THE
DUKE INVOLENCE
FORMER
E=mc²
I'M SOARING READY TO LAND WITH ROOM TO SPARE I BET!
HERE THIS IS WHERE THE WORLD ENDS WHAT A GREAT JUMP!
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GO BACK AND CLAIM MY PRIZE FROM THAT BAG OF FLESH OH WAIT A SECOND!


I'D BETTER LEAVE A MARK SOMEWHERE. JUST IN CASE THEY NEED PROOF!
I MADE IT
OOOH. I GOTTA GO. GOTTA GO. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE IF I TAKE A LEAK RIGHT HERE.
TAKE THAT. EHEHEH
AHMM I WONDER WHERE MY CORONATION WILL TAKE PLACE
HERE I AM I WON
YOU STINKING, IRREVERENT FURBALL!
OOOPS!

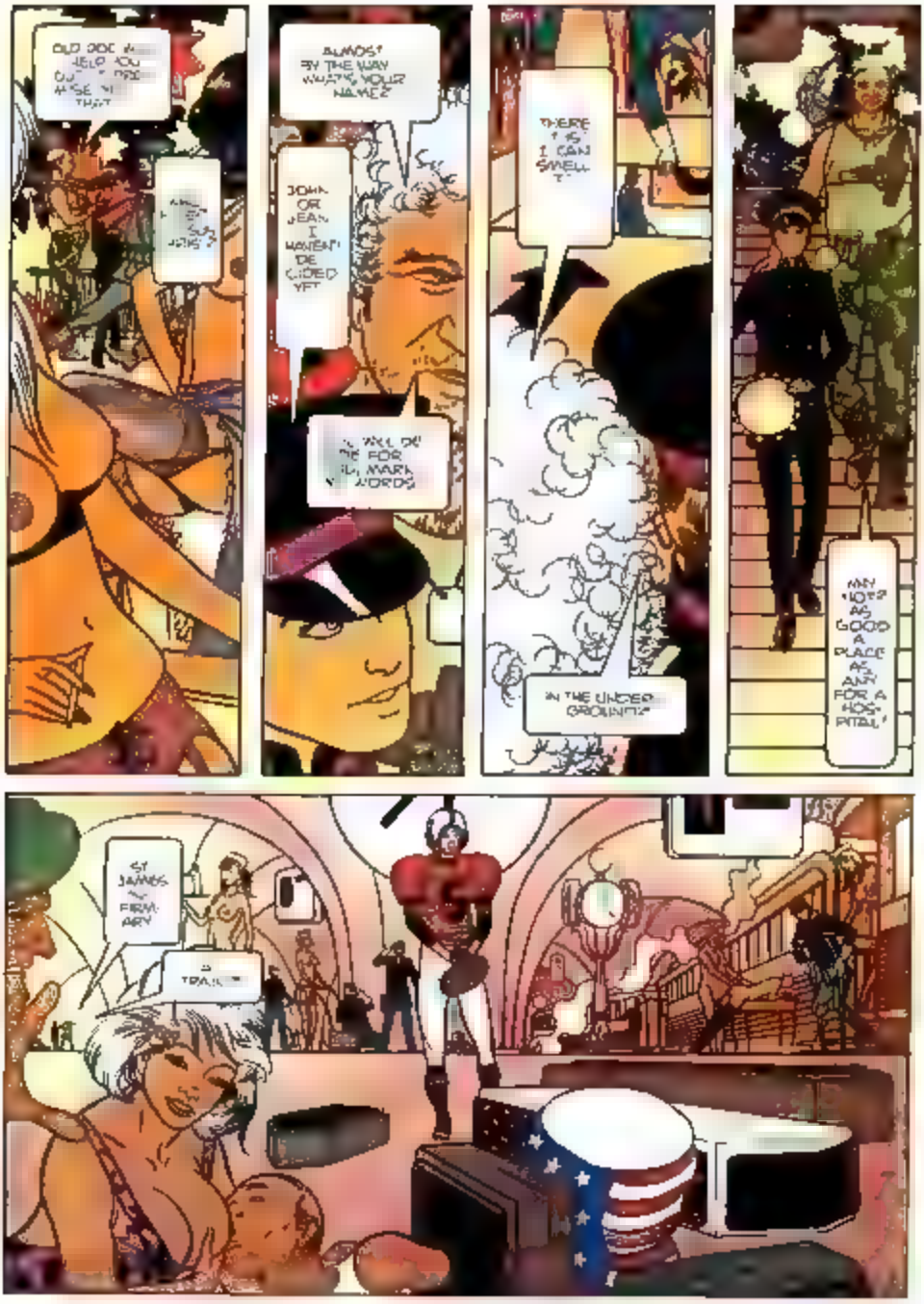

YOU'VE BEEN ON MY MIND THE WHOLE TIME
COME ON, BUDDHA I WENT AS FAR AS THE BOUNDARIES OF THE WORLD! THERE WERE FIVE PILLARS OF PINK, AND THE MIDDLE ONE I WROTE
I MADE
I MADE IT
BUT BUT HOW COULD HIS BE?
AND THIS STENCH UI APPLICURINE DO YOU RECOGNIZE ??



FIGHT
YOUNG APE?

St. James Infirmary by Dick Matena

AH SO YOU MAY BE ABLE TO SEE ONCE AGAIN
ALAS EVERY LOW AND THEN MY SIGHT THREATENS TO COME BACK THEN THE OLD DOC FIXES THINGS SO I'M BLIND AGAIN AFTER ALL
WHAT'S A BLIND WAR VETERAN BEGGING ON THE STREETS GOING TO DO WITH TWO HEALTHY EYES?
NOTHING, I SUPPOSE EXCEPT GO ON WELFARE
2
WELL, AS A KID I USED TO SING IN THE CHOIR OF THE ORPHANAGE AND THEY LOVED MY VOICE SO TO PREVENT IT FROM BECOMING A BASS OR A BARITONE THEY TOOK ME TO THE VET
AND HE DID WHAT HE WAS FOR KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
HE HELPED YOU LIKE HE DID THE CATS AND THE DOGS SO YOUR VOICE WOULD ALWAYS BE THE SAME?
YES ONLY PROBLEM NOW IS I CAN'T DECIDE WHAT I WANT TO BE A MAN OR A WOMAN!


ALMOST BY THE WAY WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JOHN OR JEAN I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET
THERE IS I CAN SMELL
IN THE UNDERGROUND?
WHY NOT? AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY FOR A HOSPITAL!
ST JAMES FIRMARY

IT GETS DOC QUICK AND COMFORTABLY TO HIS CLIENTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY LEFT OVER FROM HIS YEARS IN THE ARMY
THAT'S WHERE DOC AND I MET WAHH THOSE OLD DAYS THEY'LL NEVER DIE THEY JUST FADE AWAY
4

KEEP THE CHANGE YOU POOR MAN
CLUNK

HEY YOU BASTARD
NO BEGGING, I'M PERFORMING SO TAKE YOUR LOUSY MONEY OR PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR A FRONT ROW SEAT

THAT WASN'T A BAD HIT I MEAN, FOR A BLIND MAN
TOO GOOD, MY BOY! SIGHT IS RECOVERING QUICKLY HURRY UP LET'S GO SEE DOC
DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?

DOC! THANK GOD! FIX MY EYES OR I'M OUT OF BUSINESS
HELLO, MY BOY!

AH YOU'RE BRINGING IN ANOTHER ONE?
FIX POP'S PIES
BUT DOC I TRUST ONLY YOU
NONSENSE SHE'S ASSISTED ME FOR YEARS SHE'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS I AM
COME ON BOY
I CAN'T MAKE YOU A COMPLETE BOY AGAIN, BUT I CAN TURN YOU INTO A GIRL
THAT LEAVES ME LITTLE CHOICE HOW MUCH WILL IT COST?

NOTHING
CASES LIKE YOU I DO FOR THE FUN OF
I ADORE GIRLS THE MORE THERE
ARE THE BETTER
BUT ARE YOU ANY
GOOD DOCS CAN
YOU SHOW ME
RESULTS?
PHOTOGRAPH
GEE HON DID
YOU GET IN TO
THIS LINE
WAR DOCS

AMAZING AND DID IT WORK?
NOT QUITE SATISFACTORY I NOW HATE MY MOTHER
TRI!!!!!!!!!!
TRI!!!!!
DINGE
B

LIKE YOU, FOR INSTANCE. A NICE HUMAN BEING UNABLE TO MAKE UP HIS MIND
SO
TAKING NO RISKS YOU ARE GOING TO BE

WHO WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NOTHING?! YOU'RE RAPING ME ME, AN INNOCENT BOY
I'M A GIRL! AND I AM BEAUTIFUL!
YES, YOU ARE THAT'S WHY I AM WELL, I LOST CONTROL AND AND

THE BEGINNING

I'M AGE

LA DI LA DI DI LA
DI LA LA DI LA DI
LA DI DI LA
DI LA LA DI
LA DI DI LA
LA DI DI LA LA DI
LA DI LA DI, DI LA,
DI LA LA DI DI LA
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY DIFFERENT WAYS TWO NOTES CAN BE COMBINED?
TWO
DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MUSIC BUT I LIKE WHAT I KNOW

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#4/JULY 77

#5/AUGUST 77

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#8/NOVEMBER 77

#9/DECEMBER 77

#10 JANUARY 78

#11/FEBRUARY 78

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#36/MARCH 80

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[illegible] What Is Reality Proof and The Ambassador's or the Shadows [illegible] Our [illegible] Manipulator of Flowers's classic Salamander with Plus Harlan Ellison's ever-[illegible] [illegible] of America

#81/APRIL 81 An and the [illegible] Gorbaty's Bloomsday Or [illegible] Good-bye Sebber [illegible] Nerds Stunts from London and an interview with Julio Robles [illegible] Plus [illegible]

#80/MAY 80 Premiers of Cody [illegible] Cody Starbuck and Billy [illegible] The Immortals Fatal Play Sky [illegible] The Of Bridge and William S. Burroughs on [illegible]

#81/JUNE 81 The [illegible] of the Richard Corben interview [illegible] the [illegible] adaptation of Dunsany [illegible] Howard's [illegible] Plus Carla Conway Clipper and our [illegible] John Wagner

#82/JULY 82 Stephen King [illegible] Blue Air Company [illegible] Stevenson's adaptation of Dune and [illegible] Plus [illegible] [illegible]

#83/AUGUST 83 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#84/SEPTEMBER 84 SORRY SOLD OUT

#85/OCTOBER 85 Shakespeare [illegible] Americans [illegible] of Shakespeare's Macbeth [illegible] Plus [illegible] James Bond and Sheena

#86/NOVEMBER 86 Jerry [illegible] Egg [illegible] the World [illegible] James Sagendorf and B. [illegible] Plus [illegible]

#87/DECEMBER 87 Strange encounters with Dakine Harry Jeffery James Sagendorf and Gulben Plus [illegible] and [illegible] The Immortals [illegible]

#88/JANUARY 88 Our Happy Future issue includes Arno Jacobi [illegible] and The Autonomous Man by David Chute [illegible] and Rulaw Al surrounded by Chaykin and Kamenev Sagendorf Sakonno and

#89/FEBRUARY 89 Begins with a further adventure of John Dakar in The Incal [illegible] Wein and Chaykin Gulben Fabio [illegible] again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuler [illegible]

#90/MARCH 90 Our 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Manning [illegible]

Garcia's Nova 2 begins Eileen Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult Plus our regulars Manning Dem Rock Doane [illegible] Emdy

#91/APRIL 91 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of [illegible] What Ails Clawbone Drudge Meadow Gas and an essay on [illegible] Plus [illegible]

#92/MAY 92 [illegible] issue we give you the [illegible] of David Brooks Third Sexual Revolution and [illegible] you look at The Art of Da Ex Schwarzenegger Plus Shiners and Vanity by Ted Wein and Valkyries

#93/JUNE 93 We proudly bring you our Fantastic Class issue with [illegible] Scibelli and R. Crumb [illegible] surrounded by regulars Dunlap Moebius Sakonno and Fernandez Eddy

#94/JULY 94 Marcia and [illegible] comes strange [illegible] of the Group and pages from Corben's Flight [illegible] to Fantasy Plus Jones Gaine Dowling etc

#95/AUGUST 95 We proudly present Jones and Weightman's Freak Show and Plus and Marcia's The Ape Plus the [illegible] of The Inca Light by Mayo and [illegible]

#96/SEPTEMBER 96 We give you Hechler's Music by the Mile [illegible] Upon's Barnum and Weight's Object Plus our regulars Bilal Sakonno Kirkegaard etc

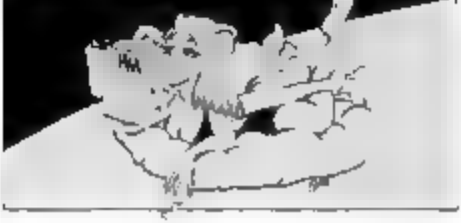
#97/OCTOBER 97 You Have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror issue. It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest [illegible] P.S. Last but [illegible] Third Sexual Revolution

#98/NOVEMBER 98 Part of Kaluta's Starstruck Fantasy Tales [illegible] Dunlap's Waggel Plus a peek at Weightman's Nanorat [illegible] Plus [illegible]

#99/DECEMBER 99 A and Stone Galaxy the return of Suydam's Mudwog and Mars Fighter's Arena Man Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez and Kirkegaard

#100/JANUARY 00 We bring the strange conclusion to Weightman's Freak Show a look at the Dark Crystal and our regulars Manning Gulben Fernandez etc Happy reading

#101/FEBRUARY 01 The making of the film The Entity from Deaths Eddy Rock and our regulars Corben Sakonno [illegible]



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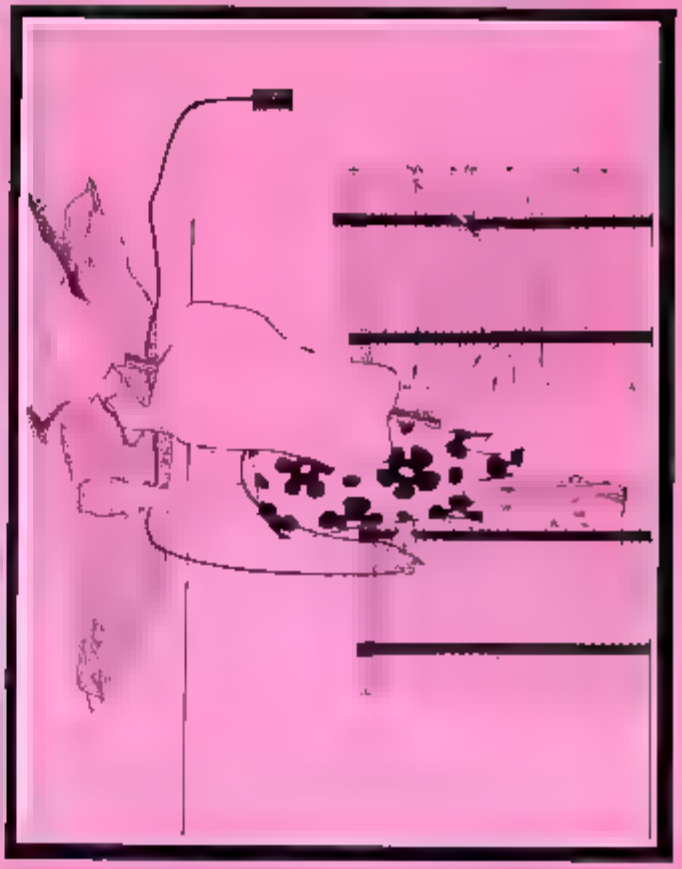

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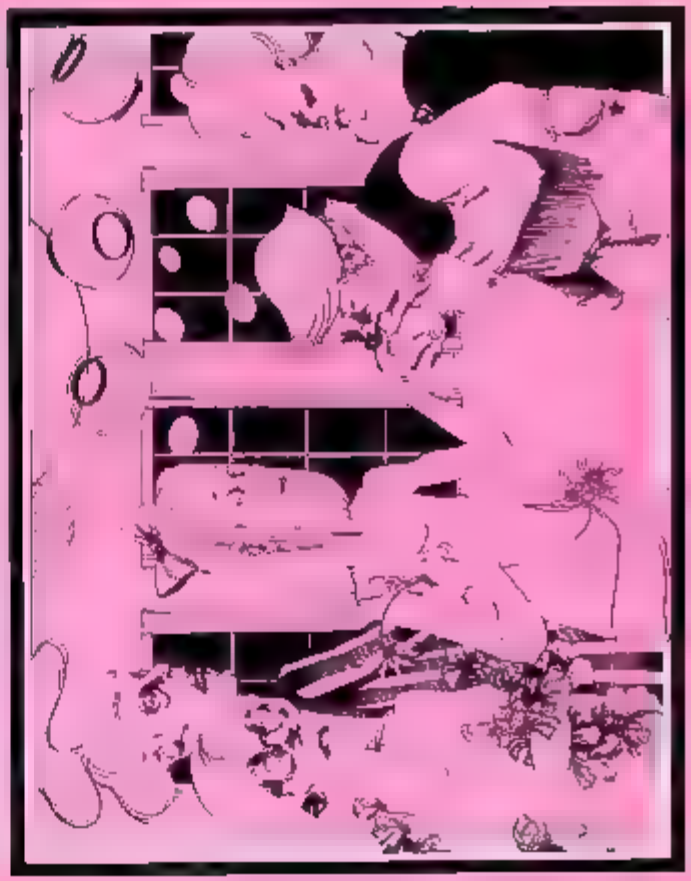
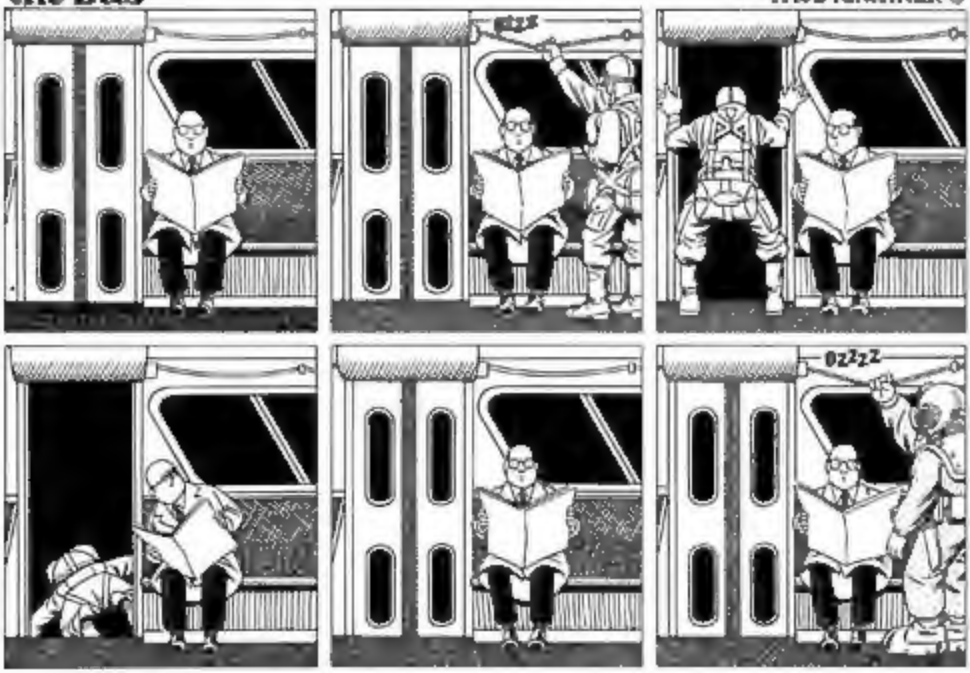
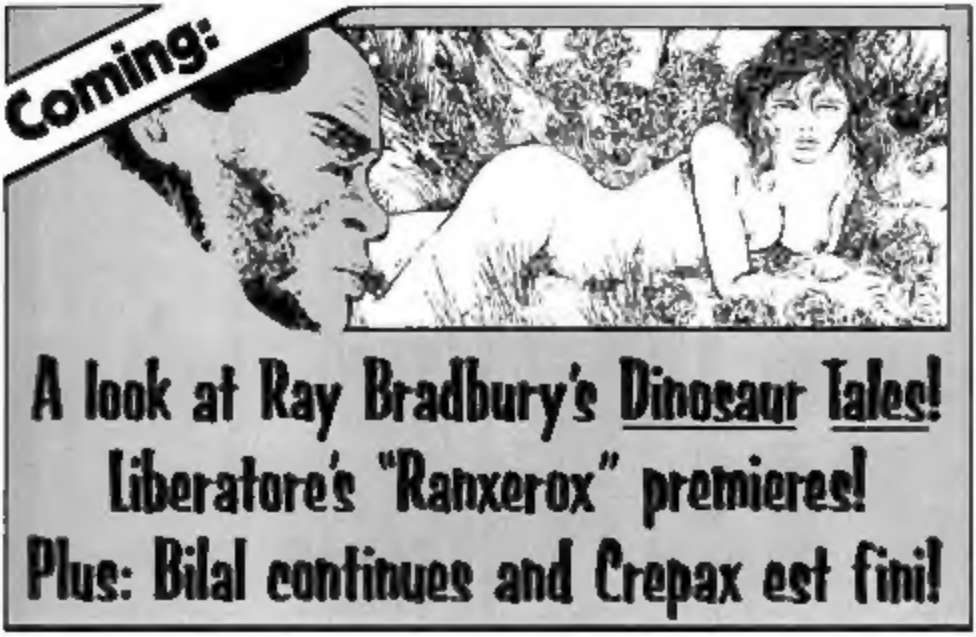


ERGE
WARD

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©





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